WHITE POWER REPORT

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ANITA BRYANT

FOR PRESIDENT!

OUR RACE IS OUR NATION

VOL. 1 – NO. 12 SEPTEMBER 1977

THE WHITE POWER HYMN

by Eric Thomson Music: The Horst Wessel Lied

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White Man unite, unite to save your nation
America, for which we fought and toiled
Our racial enemies swarm 'round us in elation
The snake of Zion has us in its coils.

The White Man has the right to his own Nation
On this his land, his Banner stands unfurled
He will not give it up to Jewish speculation
He will not see it into darkness hurled.

The Day's at hand, the Day of Liberation
For the White Man, the Leader of the World
To cut the golden chains of alien domination
The Swastika becomes our mighty sword.

Our Race commands we join this great formation
No man can face his enemies alone
When White tribes forge themselves into a single Nation
We'll have the might to protect our dear homes.

The White Man stands confused upon the hour
Until he sees the Banner we've unfurled
Now he knows Victory's the Future of White Power
We march with our White comrades 'round the world.

The White Man's Race is truly his great Nation
With White Power he comes into his own
No more victim of artificial separation
Whole continents he now can call his own.

OUR RACE IS OUR NATION!

WHITE POWER REPORT

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CONTENTS

VOL. 1 – NO. 12

THIS TIME THE WORLD 3

THE SONS OF LOCHINVAR 15

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 19

MARXISM & NATIONAL SOCIALISM 25

WHAT NATIONAL SOCIALISTS Were Really Like 28

AMERICA'S GULAG ARCHIPELAGO 33

ANITA BRYANT: White Power Wonder Woman 35

ACTION REPORT 38

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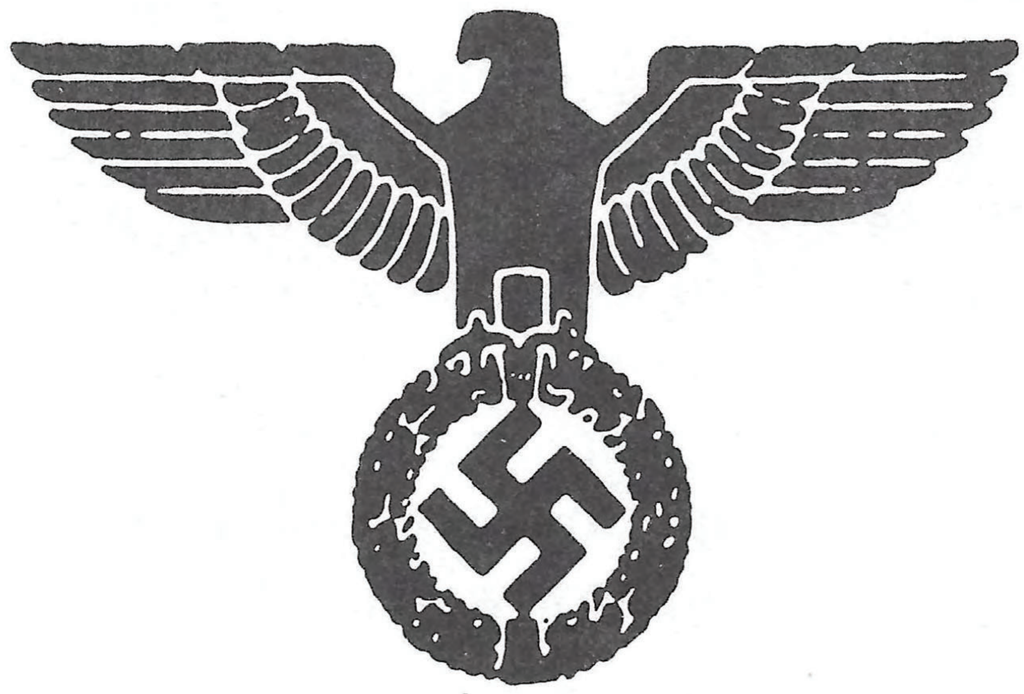

this time the world

by

George Lincoln Rockwell

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CHAPTER IV

For the first time I found some order and dignity in life! The rough going as an enlisted man was something hard to take, of course, but my soul rejoiced in the pride and strength of the military. Civilian life seemed soft, weak and feminine, and I got a deep satisfaction in my growing ability to stand up under the discipline and punishment. When we stood at parade and watched the flag go by to the military band and the drums, for the first time I experienced the goose-pimple emotions for which there is no other name than 'glory'. How unspeakably proud I was to be an American and a sailor! How I scorned the featherbedded life I had just left and how worthy the United States Navy was of my pride, in those days!

Officers were dignified, rough and demanding – not afraid to insist on salutes and privileges. How I worshipped them! There were no Negroes except in the galley and the chiefs and petty officers over me may not have been paragons of culture, but Lord, they were tough! They used to break us out of the barracks on bitter, snapping cold mornings sometimes at two and three a.m. in the howling wind and snow to wash airplanes with our bare hands in buckets of boiling water. It was torture, but there was manly pride in just surviving it. What comradery the suffering produced among us! The mamas' boys, lady-officers and Negro brass of today's service will not understand what *that* Navy was like, but the old hands will know whereof I speak. And perhaps, if they reflect on how right I am about what's happened to our services today, they will be a little less harsh on me for discovering who it is who has made such a mockery of our once proud fighting forces, and fighting the evil with every fiber of my being, no matter what I am called or how I am hated. The Communist-Zionist Jew conspiracy cannot afford to have a proud, fighting Navy or any other tough service, for real fighting men would never tolerate the takeover they are now maneuvering. So they have consciously and viciously filled our services with 'democracy' and fatal softness which will one day destroy us as the French services were destroyed, if we do not drive the seducers out first.

I was sent to 'elimination' flight training at Squantum, Massachusetts, to see if they could make a Navy pilot of me. I washed out urinals with a rubber glove; I marched endlessly and suffered all the usual military discomforts, but I was to be a *pilot!* That word has lost a lot of its glamour today, but in 1940, a pilot and a *Navy* pilot at that, was just a few notches under a god to a hot-blooded young man.

A tough young Irish lieutenant junior grade named McCollough instructed us for a few weeks in 'ground school' and I distinguished myself in his class on flying by scoffing when he said we would all bounce when we landed the first few times. I had been over the procedure many times in the book and was sure I would *not* bounce. McCollough said, with a happy twinkle in his eye, that he would personally take me for my first flight in an airplane and see how I did!

He took me up on a wintry day in the little open N2S yellow Navy biplane, and in the hard, bright sunshine over Boston Bay, did everything within his power to tear the wings off of that government property. He failed, but he did succeed in taking all the impudence and arrogance out of me. When I was

completely unsure of up and down and felt that my eyes were hanging two inches out of their sockets, he gave me the stick and held his hands in the air.

I will ask the gentle reader to spare me the description of the denouement of this little episode. But I am sure McCollough had a ball recounting the tale that night in the officers' club. I did not find my fellow students overly-reverent in my presence, either. I later met 'Mac' when I was aboard the *Wasp* in the Pacific and we had a lot of laughs over that first flight, but it was not humorous at the time. Irishmen, as I have learned, are charming, but a bit mad in the air.

Marching, washing airplanes, freezing, ogling women in Boston, standing seemingly interminable cold watches in empty hangars, getting chewed out by petty officers, fighting in the barracks, turning each other out of beds and short-sheeting others, flying a little bit each day – I got in my eight hours of dual – and then the great day: I passed! I was given an airplane all by myself and the idea was to get it up, around the field and down again. This is an unforgettable feeling as you sit there in the cockpit and the safe, dependable instructor climbs down and leaves you all alone in this roaring monster. You get off the ground safely and then worry about getting in to land. I, of course, to be cocky, had boasted to my mates that I would make a perfect 'circle shot' by landing in a hundred-foot whitewashed circle used by Navy pilots for carrier precision landings. I undershot at first and had to put on more power to get there, almost giving the entire squadron heart-failure as I wobbled and skidded and stalled and struggled to the circle – and then I missed! But never mind, I had survived and soloed, and that was all that was required. Those of us who had passed were too happy to pay much attention to the jibing about my missing the circle or even to mind the dunking we got in the icy water for soloing.

During this elimination training, I had been seeing Judy, the girl at Pembroke and, while my new glamour helped some, I was still bounced around very painfully between thinking the game was in the bag and discovering that another hunter had been poaching.

We were sent down as one of the first few classes at the new Navy training base at Jacksonville, Florida, and found nothing much but sand and sun and an eternal hot wind which drifted the sand everywhere. There was a dearth of facilities, so, although we were supposed to begin training, we had to serve in the lowest servile capacities as janitors and airplane-pushers, watch-standers, etc., for some weeks. But finally we started flying and I quickly learned that it was not as glamorous as we had imagined. The dread of getting 'busted' out was a terrific pressure, to say nothing of the struggle to stay alive. Crashes and deaths were regular.

My first experience with death was when a guy across the hall crashed and we had to get his things together. I busted two checks in a row on my 'stunt' and had to get 'squadron time', then up again to spin, stall, loop, Immelmann, do wings-overs to perfection and finally the ultimate: inverted spins. After getting the extra 'squadron time', you have to get two ups out of three. My first check was an 'up' and I prayed for one more as I waited for my check pilot to appear, only to discover it was "Downcheck" Graham, a stone-faced terrorist who sent more cadets home than any other pilot. Quaking and sweating, I took him up and fell all over the sky, finally almost ground-looping on the landing. Now my

career as a hero of the air hung on what the next man said. I had to wait several days for this final check, but at last I sat on the line waiting for my luck as a check pilot. I drew a Jew – Blenman! I gave him an excellent ride, somehow or other, and he gave me that desperately important 'up'.

It was during those days, just before we got into the War, that I discovered what a slouch I was in the eternal 'liberty' hunt for women. The other lads were set into motion the moment anything in skirts appeared and were full of brass and loaded with 'line' to catch these fillies. In the first place, I was repulsed by most of these women. They were cheap and often brassier than my companions. When they would use earthy terms in the inevitable banter of the encounter, it turned my stomach and I would drop out of the contest. Many an evening in these times I sat in libraries or movies while my buddies enjoyed what, to hear them later, were the most voluptuous orgies.

But this is not to say I was a hidden violet entirely. At the Roosevelt Hotel in Jacksonville at a dance one night, I saw an entrancing, feminine little creature whirling around with a host of beaux and was immediately captivated by the dainty girl. When I was interested, I could 'operate' as devastatingly as the boldest of my companions, only in a more subtle way. I cut out a whole mob of would-be captors of this little lady, whose name I learned was Elsie; I also got rid of the poor sap who had brought her to the dance. I bowled her off her feet and swept her out of the place, feeling enormously masculine and possessive.

She had rich folks in Georgia, I discovered and learned that my catch was far, far beyond my wildest dreams: she had a Cadillac convertible and, when I got to know her better, she had me often to her place in Georgia, where I luxuriated like an oriental potentate. Elsie herself was adorable and cuddly and willing to cuddle, too. I soon had all those who had scoffed at my backwardness in the streets squirming in jealousy as Elsie would sweep up to our barracks in the Caddy and she and I would float off to transports of joy which needed little exaggeration. But I discovered all this wonder was not unalloyed. Elsie was spoiled. She demanded the uttermost in service, with flourishes, even homage. Homage I was anxious to give, but not on command. There were many minor and even a few large skirmishes, but by and large the affair with Elsie was what most men dream of. I asked her to marry me and she said yes. But then there was a quarrel and she broke the engagement. I stayed away, but she sent emissaries and eventually we were going together again, although there was no formal understanding.

Meanwhile, I had passed one check after another and reached the stage of final fleet training. Here I got a serious disappointment. There were three possibilities: carrier fighters, scout-planes which were catapulted off a battle-wagon or cruiser and patrol flying-boats or 'P-boats', as they were called. You were invited to list choices in order and I listed "1. Fighters, 2. Fighters and 3. Fighters." But I did not get fighters. I got what was considered the lowest of the low: Catapult pilot. How I groaned. But it did no good. I was sent to the seaplane squadron and learned to fly first Steermans on floats and then OS 2U's – the lousiest plane in the fleet, we all felt. The underpowered and clumsy float planes were designed to observe only and their top speed was only 110 knots, with nothing but a couple of thirty caliber machineguns. What a tub! What a

miserable vehicle in which to fly to glory! But I completed training in them, including a catapult shot off the dock at Jacksonville; was commissioned ensign and was assigned to an old World War I cruiser, the U.S.S. Omaha.

I drove north in the little flivver I had in college, which my Aunt had shipped to me and stopped in Newark, New Jersey, to see my first girl, Jean, from Atlantic City. My dashing Navy uniform and wings, etc., captivated her and she in turn captivated me. She was as sweet as I had remembered her, only now I had the courage and know-how to kiss her, which I did. In one evening, she was convinced we were engaged, although I said nothing about it. But I had to resume my travel north to Providence to see my folks.

Arriving in Providence, I of course went to see Judy at Pembroke. My uniform and wings (very rare yet, since not many were in uniform) were as efficacious with Miss Aultman as with the others and I became engaged, this time with me asking the question. I closed out my remaining affairs and took the train to Norfolk where I was to catch a ship which would transport me to the secret port where I would get aboard the *Omaha* for permanent duty. Judy saw me off, none too tearfully I thought, as the other less 'fortunate' girls had been.

In Norfolk, I got my first taste of the real old salty sea-going Navy on the *U.S.S. Pastores,* a supply ship. They had a little bos'n's mate, whose name I forgot, but whose character I will never forget. He went about barefoot all the time and could and did boot a man just as effectively with those calloused toes as with a boot. He was tattooed all over and obviously tough as a tiger shark. The officers loved him, although they pretended publicly to disapprove of his ways and tactics.

Finally, the *Pastores* was ready to sail and we moved out into Hampton Roads to swing on the hook for the last day. As an officer, I had the run of the ship and I hung around the bridge to learn what I could of the affairs of managing a great naval vessel.

About an hour before we were to stand out of the harbor, we got a light message by blinker from the flag headquarters on shore: "Send boat for officers" – and the whaleboat was dispatched. When it returned, the cox'n was grinning from ear to ear and the captain, who had come out to meet the important officers who had held up the ship, discovered that the "officers" consisted of the bos'n, full of beer and immense satisfaction with having avoided missing ship, a serious charge. The business about using the flag's signal light, etc., was relatively 'minor' and "Boats" had done it again. The officers laughed for days about this 'crime' in the wardroom.

On the *Pastores,* I had my first experience with 'race prejudice'. It must be remembered that I had gone to school with Negroes and never even noticed them. As a passenger officer, the exec. had put me in charge of one of the holds where there were berthed two or three hundred men who were also passengers. When I got to the hold, as ordered, I found a riot in the making. Half of the passengers were Black, the other half White, and those were not just ordinary White men, but men from Georgia! This was before Eleanor and Anna Rosenberg had integrated the armed services. Blacks were always mess-boys and never, never were berthed with White men. Now here I was, a brand-new, fishy-green ensign in charge of an explosive race situation!

I marched the Blacks out of there immediately, mustered them on deck and had them hold ranks, while I found out what to do. But the exec. was busy getting underway and I was told to figure it out myself. I checked the other hold and found another passenger officer having the same trouble. He had half White and half Blacks, so we traded. Both of us wanted the Whites, but we flipped and he won, so I got two hundred Africans and he took all the Whites.

I boarded the *Omaha* in Trinidad and my Navy life really began. It was so different from the Navy of today that the present outfit seems like that of another country, a much less manly country.

From the glorious foundations of the United States Navy until 1944 or 1945, when the influx of 'quicky' officers got too huge to train properly, we had 'iron men in wooden ships', to use the old Navy phrase. In 1946, after the Communist 'bring the boys home' debacle, all hell broke loose in the salty ranks of the great fighting men and officers who led the Nation in unbroken victories for two hundred years. Civilian meddlers and Communist fellow-travellers got the power to wreck our armed forces as part of the conscious plan to weaken us, now that the only possible enemy was the Soviet Union. They 'democratized' our fighting men, integrated units, 'luxury-ized' them and they have almost destroyed them. Every top officer in the service knows the despair of trying to do anything constructive today, and I speak with authority when I say that the morale in the Armed Forces has disintegrated to the point where no matter what weapons we have, we no longer have sufficient *men* and the *masters* to make a real fighting team. To go back to the old Navy term, we now have 'paper men in steel ships'. The officers and men who have the guts and gumption and can't stand the phony atmosphere get out and 'make it' on the outside. The pitifully few old-line officers and career enlisted men who are still trying to keep a backbone in our armed forces are usually 'retired' prematurely, like the immortal "Chesty" Puller, the greatest leader the Marine Corps ever had, while slick operators and 'brown-nosers' are moved into top commands, where they fight with cocktail glasses and barrages of paper.

The millions of men who are inducted and then jammed in with Negroes and never shown an officer or sergeant with the guts to *make* them salute and show respect or kick them firmly in the tail, get out as soon as they can, in highly proper disgust. A uniform used to be the mark of a *fighting* man. Now they have got old and sacred fighting uniforms for book-worms with horn-rimmed glasses, ladies and even Africans.

Most of this was accomplished by the first pro-Communist Secretary of Defense, George Catlett Marshall, who boasted how he destroyed Nationalist China with a stroke of his pen and gave China to our mortal enemies; and by Anna M. Rosenberg, the Hungarian Jewess he put in as his first assistant and in charge of *man-power*. Anna M. was identified under oath before the U.S. Senate as a member of the Communist John Reed Club of New York City and as a writer of articles for the Communist *New Masses* magazine. I myself have the photostats of these Red articles I made in the Library of Congress, along with her picture, so there can be no howls of 'mistaken identity'. It was this communistic Hungarian Jewess who promoted the Communist Jew, Peress, when Joe McCarthy got on his track and it was this communistic Jewess who

'niggerized' our once tough fighting forces.

In order to proceed undisturbed at the wrecking of our armed forces, these unspeakable traitors have calculatingly and brutally brainwashed our men with 'orientation' courses in 'democracy' (meaning Communism – see any Soviet propaganda) until any attempt to help them now is met as an attack on them. I am sickened and heart-broken today when officers who should be able to see what has happened tell me what a filthy dog McCarthy was and explain to me what 'progress' is being made in 'democratizing' our once elite fighting forces. The Army has had it the worst, for it is the Army alone that the Reds fear in the moment of their takeover. If the Army is led by patriotic Americans, not afraid of personal reprisals and faithful to the Constitution, as they have sworn to be, no Red putsch can succeed. But if they can fill up the high posts with toadies and Jews and pinkos and boobs, the helpless and inarticulate masses of men will have to go along and be used, as they were in Little Rock, to destroy their own great American Republic. NOTE: Since this was written, the "General Walker Case" has fully substantiated these charges.

But in 1941, boot ensigns such as I still jumped at J.G.'s orders; niggers were just niggers; chiefs were tough and could settle matters which now go before courts martial with the toe of a well-placed boot and officers dressed in full formal uniform for dinner every night, no matter what the conditions.

I would like to write an entire book on what I learned and learned to love on that old O-Boat, but cannot spare the pages in this, my first book. Perhaps later I will write a book on the armed forces, but for now, all I can say is that I found out what a fighting force *should* be like on the *Omaha* and Americans should tremble in fear and terror every minute we deny our officers the right, the privilege and the duty of acting like officers and making our men as tough as the steel and electronic monsters they guide as they were on the old *Omaha.* There is no 'democratic' nonsense in the Soviet armed forces and, should we ever have to face these tough, old-fashioned fighting forces, no matter what our technical superiority – like the French hiding behind their Maginot Line – we will be sliced up like butter before the hot knife of the undemocratic Soviet enemy.

I had my first taste of war on the *Omaha,* but in odd circumstances. Martinique was French and France had fallen to Hitler. We patrolled off this island and one night when I was catapulted out to search for a reported contact, I found traces of a sub. I got radio orders to stay with it and was concentrating on this when the radioman called on the intercom and asked me what the "sparks" were. I looked back, saw tracers going by and discovered I was being pursued by what I thought was a Navy SNJ – but which was probably one of our earlier gifts to the French. I was flying an old SOC, open-cockpit biplane at ninety knots and the SNJ, compared to me, was 'red-hot'. It flashed past me below and disappeared without hitting us. I got a lot of kidding back aboard later and there were a good many remarks about my 'imagination', etc., but the radioman confirmed this odd-ball attack.

Later, I depth-charged several subs, receiving return fire, but I did not get credit for any 'kills' because we discovered our depth-charges would not go off. We tested five or six of them and learned they had been sabotaged or poorly made. Still later, off the coast of Africa on the invasion convoy, I am sorry to

say I helped sink two Axis subs in my work with carrier killer groups.

But the day-in-day-out flight operations were much more taxing than the relatively rare combat incidents. We were working the South Atlantic, searching for raiders and subs and going in and out of Trinidad there were always torpedoings and sinkings. The entrance, Chaca Chacari, was dubbed "Torpedo Junction" by all hands. The subs used to sit fanned out on the bottom and pop off the convoy ships as they came out of the harbor, like ducks. Once I remember them blowing up a Brazilian vessel loaded with coffee and the ocean was turned into black coffee for miles. I wondered if it kept the fish awake. We often saw pieces of ships (once, an entire half) floating aimlessly and had to sink them.

Every morning before dawn, 'general quarters' would sound, immediately followed by 'flight quarters' and we pilots would stagger and stumble out of our bunks to the catapults, climb into the old SOC biplanes, be whacked in the back by our old steam-rammed catapults and find ourselves out over the Atlantic at two or three feet 'altitude' over the swells, in the dark, and only minutes out of bed. This was a hair-raising minute or two, but the belt in the back of the head served to clear the sleep and cobwebs from our brains and we were soon roaring up into the dawn – an emotional experience which never failed to move me deeply.

The immense majesty and indescribable vastness of the sea is multiplied a thousand-fold by the terrific contrast afforded by the insignificant little ship you leave behind as you rise into the grey and pink panorama of the sky. As the tropical sunrise begins and you are suspended between endless, rolling grey ocean and towering mountains of multicolored clouds, the almost invisible, little black 'tooth-pick' – the ship you have just left – far below gives you a sense of the staggering vastness of it all. Only a pig or a stone could fail to be moved deeply.

But then I would have the immediate problem of dead-reckoning that ancient Curtis biplane 500 miles over that empty ocean and back to the ship – not where it was when I left it, but someplace new – where it had zig-zagged in those five hours. We had no radar in those days and were required to maintain tight radio silence. There were no homing devices or other aids, just our chartboards, pencils, calculators, compass and instruments. We usually flew all alone, one plane out on each side, to scout as much territory as possible for the day. The pattern was a huge 'U' out from the ship and back, so as to cover everything to the limit of sight. During this time, the wind, which had to be estimated solely from the appearance of the sea far below, was drifting the plane sometimes as much as thirty miles one side or the other in an hour – a hundred and fifty miles in the five-hour flight – and the ship was also moving. We had no automatic pilot or mechanical aid whatsoever. You figured out everything by vectors, compass course, speed, distance, time and gas, and then prayed fervently that you and the ship would wind up somewhere in the near vicinity at the end of the flight. If you made a mistake of adding the magnetic variation instead of subtracting it or forgot a single wind figure or made any other ordinarily slight mathematical error, it was curtains. We lost several pilots just this way. One panic-stricken pilot broke radio silence against orders when he missed the ship,

ran out of gas and sat down in the middle of the ocean someplace. We tried to find him, but never did.

I recommend this system for those, like myself, who tend to make careless errors in mathematics. I discovered I could be perfect – on those hops.

While you were doing all this pencil-pushing, you were also burning up the surface of the sea for the tell-tale feather of a periscope or anything else, holding your precision compass course by stick and rudders and watching out for the switching of gas tanks, mixture control and everything else about the bit of machinery which alone kept you out of a watery grave below. It was an exacting, exhausting job, but I loved it.

At the end of the five hours, you began to sweat out the 'sighting' and it is not hard to imagine the joy of seeing that little speck you know is home – and more living. But sometimes you *don't* see it. Your gas is almost gone; there are no 'aids' and you have only minutes to see it or compose yourself for a better world. The trick often was to dive down low and sweep the horizon. What you couldn't see against the dark sea could sometimes be seen as an unrecognizable little jiggle on the horizon against the sky. There it would be! You would bore in for it with everything wide open.

When you finally arrived over the familiar, rolling shape, you circled around low while they rigged for 'cast-recovery'. Having been on both carriers and cruisers, I can assure my fellow pilots that a carrier landing is a pale imitation of the real 'hairy' thing of landing alongside a rolling cruiser in twenty or thirty-foot swells and taxiing up in clouds of blinding spray onto the 'mat', with your wingtips only inches from the steel sides of the heaving ship which was bowling along underway!

We never landed far back in the slick, which the ship made by turning ninety degrees, because it tore up the prop too much, beating against the salt water, when you then tried to taxi the hundred yards or so to the ship. My senior aviator, "Moe" Lenny, taught us masterfully and exactingly to land about twenty feet outboard and abreast of the fantail (stern) so that, on the last wild and wooly bounce, after you had hit two or three swells with frantic jiggling of stick and rudders to avoid crashing, you would stop neatly with the float resting in the mesh of rope called the 'mat' and your hook engaged to hold you in tow.

Then came the business of catching the swinging iron ball from the crane and boom arrangement which picked you up. Many a man was knocked senseless and overboard playing this little game, as he sat up on the cockpit hood. And then, when you *did* catch it, you had to slip the big steel hook in the wire sling you pulled out from behind your head in the cockpit without letting your hands get under the hook, because when the swells yanked that hook taut, it was easy to lose a hand as the cable lifted the plane clear of the water. Finally, you would find yourself hanging in the air, swinging on the boom and totally free of responsibility for the first moment in five long hours. You slumped in the sweaty parachute harness, just luxuriating in the gratefulness of it all.

A few minutes later, you would be sipping coffee and being served a fine breakfast in the wardroom, while you lorded it over the 'black-shoe' Navy, the poor slobs who were confined to the rolling decks and who had to ask you humbly for the story of the hop – what you'd seen, any action, etc. It was

hugely satisfying and we pilots were not sparing of the opportunity to be as obnoxious as possible to the 'less heroic deck-apes'. A catapulting or a recovery were often the only excitement aboard for days on end and we pilots were thus the center of all eyes with our performances. Especially we vied on the recoveries and the crew divided up behind its favorites. I ached for a carrier and a hotter plane with more combat, but there was much to enjoy in the life on the *Omaha* and I enjoyed it. We went to Africa and all over South America.

I was often detailed to the shore patrol, however and this was no fun, although I learned a lot. It was a kill-joy job. You had to go around with a stern expression and watch the men blowing off steam in the bars and see them look hatefully at you out of the corner of their bleary eyes. The first time I got this unpleasant assignment was a pretty brutal introduction to the problems of leading rough, tough men.

I think it is wrong to give such a task to a totally green ensign, but I was assigned to take a shore party over the side in Rio, men with heavy beards who had been cooped up at sea for months. I was ordered to line them up on the dock and give them a lecture on the dangers of V.D. – me, a downy-cheeked squirt who knew nothing at all of such matters. I did my best and the men tried not to laugh, but it was extremely painful and I felt a complete ass – which I was! The lecture was apparently a huge failure, because we had dozens of men on the V.D. list within a few days in that highly-touted, but dirty port.

When I was free, I donned my crisp whites, wings and ribbons and did enjoy liberty in these exotic lands, but usually it was spoiled somewhat for me by the filth and coarseness of it all and the crude activities of even my companions. In Rio there was the usual British Club and we officers were invited. There we met some really charming English young ladies and invited them to dinner aboard ship, but this was a mistake, it turned out, because even in the immaculate wardroom with its white napery, good food and excellent service by the as yet unrooseveltized mess boys, we could not escape the effects of the crudity and filthiness.

The old *Omaha* had no public address system. 'The Word' was passed in the old-fashioned way of the Navy, by leather-lunged bos'n's mates who would roar down each of the three hatches in the main deck in turn. The evening we had the young ladies aboard for dinner was hot. The wardroom was directly below the number one hatch and as they were helped into their seats by the mess boys, the bos'n arrived at the hatch with his pipe and let go with an announcement:

"EEEEEE–eeeeee–EEEEEEE! (The whistle.) NOW, ALL MEN WITH VENEREAL DISEASES, LAY DOWN TO SICK BAY FOR TREATMENT!"

There was a great sound of running and pounding feet up and down ladders and the young ladies blanched. So did we.

After almost a year in the South Atlantic, the *Omaha* put into New York for repairs at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. This was like a trip to heaven for us, but I went chasing once again after the elusive and faithless Judy in Providence.

She gave me all kinds of trouble on the phone, but when I appeared in my sparkling dress whites in her dormitory diningroom at Pembroke, and she saw the other girls ohh-ing and ahh-ing, she was won over and agreed to come to New

York for a week while the ship was in port, but she insisted on finishing college before we were married. I chafed miserably at that, but once again bowed to what I later learned were orders from the 'high command', her old lady, who sensed in me a male who was not so easy to push around as Judy's charming, cultured, lovable, but easily-dominated old man. However, I did manage to get her to agree to share a room with me at the luxurious Pennsylvania Hotel, now the Statler, and I imagined I had things made.

I did spend the week in the hotel room with her, but learned that I did *not* have it made. All my powers of persuasion, coercion, brute force, sneakiness and other techniques were to no avail and I spent one of the most unbelievable weeks of my life, a week I have a hard time convincing anybody could happen in one room with one double bed. Horribly frustrating as it was, it was also idyllic and very wonderful. I went back out to sea in a pink cloud of romance and began to scheme to get back as soon as possible.

But the Navy is not interested in private plans for romance and cruelly put the war ahead of my schemes, which came to naught. We went back to the old routine of cruising the South Atlantic and I began to chafe miserably as the war proceeded more hotly elsewhere, especially in the Pacific, while I was still lumbering around in the empty vastness of the South Atlantic, in a plane which was not too far removed in appearance from that of the Wright Brothers. I longed to fly the brand new F4U Corsairs, at that time the hottest and deadliest thing in the air.

I heard rumors that 'suicide' photo-pilots were being asked to volunteer to fly stripped-down P-38's over enemy beaches, so I wrote an official request for training as a photo-pilot and got a favorable endorsement from my C.O., with whom I was on the best of terms for good performance of duty. Even so, it seemed too much to hope for, so I almost collapsed with joy when the ship got a priority dispatch on the matter. I was ordered to Flight Photo School at Pensacola, with thirty days' leave!

I imagined once again that I could marry Miss Aultman as soon as I arrived and would spend a whole month even better than the week in New York, but once again, I reckoned without my strong-willed, future mother-in-law. It was decreed that I could not marry Judy until two days before the END of my leave, which gave me one day for a honeymoon and then one day to get to Pensacola! There was no appeal, as I had discovered, from these imperial commands, so I had to fritter away the days – and nights – until April 24th, when the event was scheduled.

A few days before the scheduled wedding, I was detailed to help Judy address invitations and we were working together on this task when I got my first real look at how her mother operated. My pen ran out of ink and Judy jumped up and said, "I'll go upstairs and get some ink."

Her mother burst out of the sunroom and shouted, "Hold it! Just a minute! HE goes upstairs and gets the ink. You don't run errands for him!"

On April 24, 1943, I was married in the Barrington Episcopal Church, with all the trimmings, which I disliked enormously. But these amenities are the price one must pay to the ladies, who appear to revel in such painful, public formalities at a time which should be so holy and private and reserved to the

young people whose lives are so hugely affected.

Finally, we got clear of all the hand-shaking, giggling, cake-cutting, sly jokes and general silly fussing and were off in a cab to the railroad station. I was ecstatic and swimming in the romance of it all, but not my brand new wife. When we had got settled on the train, she turned to me briskly and, with what I learned were her final orders from 'headquarters', announced: "Now, there's to be no boss in this marriage, and no babies, at least not now!"

This almost froze me inside, even though the part about the babies made sense. But making 'sense' is not always the way to make a good marriage and such stern announcements at such a time do not help make a honeymoon what it should be. When we got to the Statler Hotel in Boston, I got a worse shock. Her suitcase was opened and she put her clothes away. Then she laid out on the bed what I later called "the drug store", a complete assortment of equipment which left nothing to chance or the imagination! Mother had thought of everything! The inevitable result of such cold-chilling of what must be spontaneous and as warm as possible was that she wound up crying and so did I. I struggled out and spent hours loading up on beer in the Silver Dollar Bar, trying to understand what was wrong with the world. With the last-minute wedding, we had no chance to straighten things out before I had to leave. Mother had really thought of everything!

On the train down to Pensacola, I had my first personal brush with one of the obnoxious types even the Jews call "kikes". I had my reservations for a sleeper for over a month and as I staggered to the station with all my heavy service baggage and uniforms, and my even heavier thoughts of my 'marriage', I was grateful at least that I could rest on the long trip. But when I got to the train and looked up my berth, I found a 300 pound, yellow-skinned, fat Hebrew getting ready to move in. I showed him my ticket and reservation of a month's standing and he brushed them aside, telling me he had paid the agent a good deal for these accommodations and had no intention of giving them up.

I called the colored porter and asked to have my reservations confirmed. The porter called the conductor, who sadly shook his head, said there was some mistake, asked me to step outside, and then told me that my accommodations had unfortunately been sold twice and the other man had an "earlier" reservation. I was too young and innocent to know how to deal with such villainy, as I would now, but like most people, I simply bowed to this monstrous injustice because I knew nothing else to do, outside of punching this vile Jew merchant a good belt in the teeth, which would not have helped. So I sat up all night on my bags in a passageway, while this 'chosen' fighter of Hitler (who was probably giving his all to buy war bonds at huge, personal sacrifice) rode in style in my berth. This is the first time in my life I can remember hating a Jew as a Jew, but I submit that so would anybody hate him – even my pious fellow Gentiles who now counsel me to tolerance and love.

I plunged into photo-school and flying in Pensacola with happy enthusiasm, overjoyed to be at last on my way to the kind of work and flying I really wanted. We flew half the day and studied theory or worked in the darkroom the other half. I studied hard and did well.

to be continued in next issue.

THE SONS OF LOCHINVAR

by Robert Kvinnesland

Many years ago,
From the lands of ice and snow,
Burst forth from wooded meadow
The clan of Lochinvar.
With sails windblown full,
Green ocean-cutting hull
Onward, 'til the screeching gull
Replaced the North Star.

Land-hunger quest begun,
Followed they the Western Sun
To end-path with Book and Gun,
Marched 'cross majestic beauty.
Bold-braved storm Nature's wrath,
Cleared savage foe from path,
In struggle's aftermath
Done proud their duty!

The Sons built wide their farms,
Beneath reddened disk that warms,
And laid aside the arms
Which well had served them.
Through danger-leering treks,
Often at each other's necks,
Lochinvar's sons strong waxed,
But too, Wealth's leaven.

Mighty the field they tilled,
Many the silo they filled.
For this were their fathers killed
And braved such dangers.
But these giants of the earth
Sold short their right of birth,
Admitting, regardless of worth,
A pack of strangers.

How great the darkened flood,
With wretched, misshapen brood
Swarmed to the land which blood
Of Lochinvar had built!
Avaricious for the wealth,
Eager to grab by stealth.
But improve the Nation's health?
Nay! Just pervert and plunder!

Barging through the realm,
Cain's descendants at the helm,
With threat to overwhelm,
These dark marauders
Set about their plans,
With crooked, clutching hands
Stretched out upon the clan's
Bright homes and daughters.

Does the eagle, in her largesse,
Invite crows into the nest
Or other talons, lest
They claw her children?
Nay! Dear do they atone,
Those who violate her home!
So where had wisdom gone?
What folly filled them?

For this, one darkened day,
Would their children dearly pay,
Ignobly held at bay
By Satan's power.
There, in narrow strait,
A Deliverer would they await,
Sent to them by Fate,
A great man at a great hour.

The Force of Light now stirred,
The call to arms is heard,
A woman's cry, The Word,
The Sons awaken!
Their wealth was not so dear,
Nor land's loss did they fear,
But woman's shrill, rape-tears,
To this they'd hearken!

Though often in the past,
When mighty armies massed,
One man's Standard cast
These men to glory.
But now, from God's own brood,
Arose a multitude,
And all with one heart stood,
One, although many.

Then Evil's darkened horde
Took up the Devil's sword
And arrogantly roared.
They'd soon be sorry!
The Last War's armies faced,
The horde then got its taste
With all but time laid waste
Of Aryan Fury!

Last Battle, demon-waged,
Land torn in Berserk's rage,
The horde, its leader caged,
To hell descended.
The Sons thus proved their worth,
Their gift from God, the Earth,
And with sacred word, "Rebirth,"
The saga ended.

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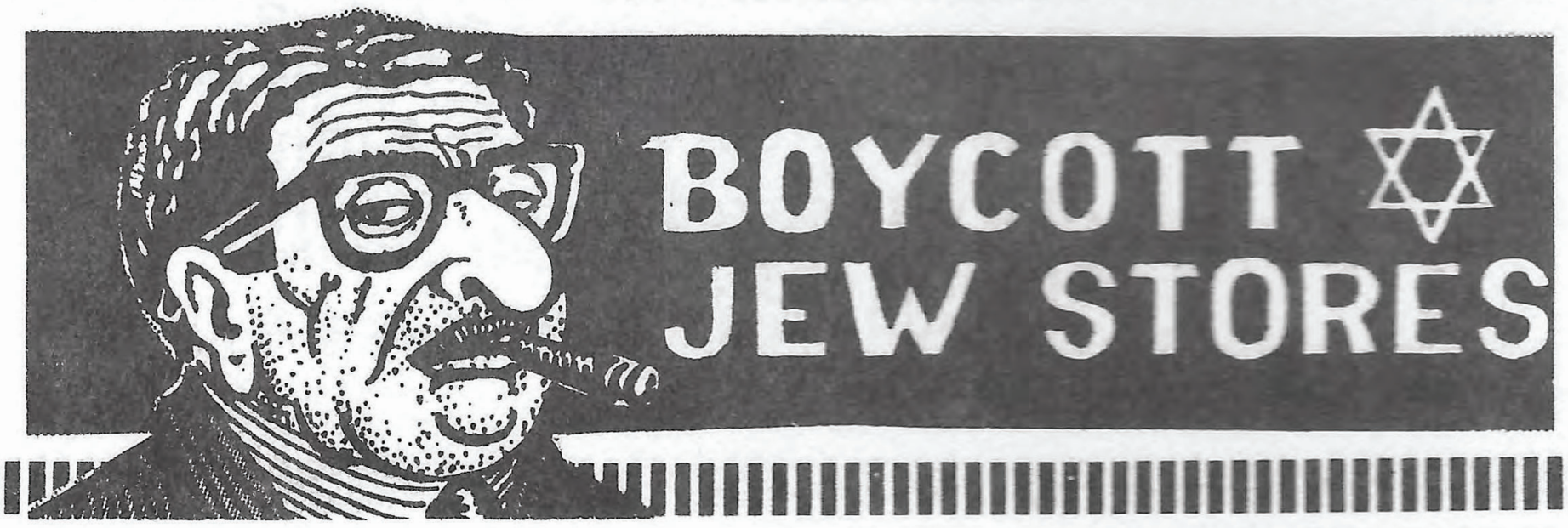

Letters to the Editor

Dear Comrades: 8.8.77

I'm not long acquainted with politics so I could not laugh off the malicious slander as you do. Another thing I like about Comrade Dietz is that he does not go in for what I call "patriotourism", as do many others. I wonder where some of these self-appointed saviors of the Aryan Race get all their money to travel overseas and around Europe. Do they pay their travel expenses out of the contributions of those who do not travel? Adolf Hitler never had even one week of leave in all those years.

R.E., Germany

Editor: Often the sources of funds for these peripatetic patriots are rather mysterious. Experience shows that the 'international' nationalist traveller and rally-participant has no home constituency to speak of, otherwise he would be much too busy organizing his own country and patriots would come to see him, not vice versa.

As for slander, that is all part of the game of politics. If we are not being slandered, we are not being effective.

Comrades: 8.8.77

The excellence of the latest WPR has inspired me to write my congratulations. The intellectual content of your publications is rising dramatically. Your ideas are inspiring. You are on the road for the success of the Aryan Race. Please continue your fine work and be assured of my continued support.

D.R., Okla.

Editor: It's good to hear from you. We thought the Redskins had swiped your pen along with your scalp. Thank you for your support and words of encouragement. It's true that slander indicates our effectiveness, but an occasional bouquet of praise does much to break the monotony of the mud-pies being tossed in our direction.

Comrades: 8.5.77

Words cannot describe how proud I am to be associated with the White Power Movement. It's great to be part of the White Power team!

B.B., Va.

Editor: It's good to have you on the team, Comrade!

Comrade Dietz: 8.4.77

Just a few clippings from the west coast to show that you're upsetting the poor Jews. Looks like you've given them plenty to worry about.

Apparently, the Nazis are popping up all over. They even claim we've started our own church. Now, who'd believe something like that?

Rev. S.N., CA

Editor: Thanks for the news clippings. It looks as if we are getting some mention in the media. That's funny, we didn't even let the kikes burn our bookstore. How do we rate such publicity?

Anyway, who would believe, Reverend, that Nazis have started up a church? Bless you. Oh, and incidentally, Heil Hitler!

Dear Comrades: 8.2.77

Comrade C. and I visited our local commie bookstore. We walked up to the counter and asked, "Do you have the book, MEIN KAMPF, by Adolf Hitler?" The reactions were very entertaining.

Later, we talked to a kike who stood with a misled Aryan girl, selling commie propaganda. Comrade C.'s line of conversation seemed to shake the kosher rat up quite badly. Finally, C. took out a WPM sticker, pointed to the Swastika and said, "Now I want you to see this. You've been talking to some National Socialists."

Jew-boy almost turned white (some can pass for White, you know) and looked like he was getting sick. "Hitler killed half of my family!" he sputtered, to which C. replied, "I figured you'd make up something like that." Heil Hitler!

R.F., WN

Editor: It never hurts to take the battle to the enemy. If they can bring their kosher commie propaganda into our livingrooms, the least we can do is bring ours into their bookstores. Too bad you can't pass for a couple of sheenies – you could have set their place on fire and walked away, undetained by the ZOGlings, alias the fuzz.

Mr Dietz: 8.8.77

I find much to comment on in your latest WPR, but I'll stick to the main points.

Firstly, this lack of unity and insane internecine back-biting is a nasty kick in the guts for our Aryan Race. The so-called NS leadership seems dead-set on getting rid of anybody else who says he's NS. What about the Jews? Or are they paying for this kosher baloney?

The deadbeats, light-weights and punks are doing the White Man's Fight more harm than the ZOGmen and the hebes. We'd better get our heads straight and get down to business instead of behaving like kindergarten inmates quarrelling in the sandbox. This kind of kid stuff leaves us wide open to ZOGinfiltration and may well be a symptom of same.

White people, good White people, don't want to get involved with idiots who want to fight among themselves instead of fighting for the liberation and victory of the Aryan Race. Some of these phonies are sure getting old, but they haven't grown up one bit.

Now, about this uniform gig: Our first and best uniform is our White skin, even though some of Our Race have disgraced theirs. 1930 Storm Trooper rig is OUT because most White people are turned off by it. They think we are extras from some Jew film about Nazis. It's time to come out of the past, get our feet on the ground and do some real NS organizing, by relating to the great mass of the Dispossessed Majority – our fellow Whites. We won't relate if we get our kicks out of clicking our heels and saying, "Verrry interesssting."

I like your fresh approach on the street clothes outfit. It's really in with the times and the people, especially White youth who we really need if this Aryan Nation of ours is going to have a future.

I would like to reply to Mr Jordan about outward appearances. Sure, one can be clean and neat, but keep clear of the time warp. Let's groom as if we are living in the 1970's, not the 1920's. Fashion changes anyway, and we'll probably come back to the crew-cut, the stove-pipe pants and all

that stuff if we hang around long enough, but I just can't agree that NS loyalty means 1930 appearance, personal and otherwise. We need the Viking berserkers on our side. Would we kick out Beowulf, just because he had a beard?

Let's have some fighters and forget the fashion fetish!

P.M., OH

Editor: Good alliteration there, Comrade! Our White Power Dress Regulations are very strict. One's hair must be long enough and short enough to make the Activist effective in organizing the White people in his area. Beards are optional and baldness is recommended for male activists who just can't make up their minds about proper hair-length. The trick is to see yourself as others see you. One Comrade has a very striking beard. As beards go, it is a good one, but that, combined with specs and bushy, unkempt hair makes him look like a rabbi who was kidnapped from his bed in the wee small hours of morning, dragged through a hedge and stuffed into a brown shirt. This is, I believe, the neo-1930's look. Is it effective? I should say so. The White people stay away from his Party in droves!

Gentlemen: 8.5.77

Your choice of blue jeans and denim shirts as a uniform is a stroke of genius.

As an Identity Israelite, there is one point of incompatibility which we have and for this reason I request the withdrawal of my Official Supporter Form. I cannot be loyal to an organization that has Adolf Hitler, rather than Jesus Christ as its spiritual leader. Certainly, this does not mean that I am in any way hostile to what you are doing.

W.S., OH

Editor: When Adolf Hitler fought the Jew he said, "I do the work of the Lord!" Hitler knew his God-given genius was granted to save Our White Race. No one can accuse him of being on an ego-trip or of usurping the position of the God of Our Race. In view of Hitler's stress on Positive Christianity, I do not understand your disagreement with our respect for a hero and genius of Our Race. Certainly, you illustrate by your behavior that religion and politics cannot mix for either to be effective. Surely, you have a banker, a barber, perhaps an employer, a wife or loved ones who also play some important part in your life. Do you intend to sever all contact with others in order to give Christ your undivided attention? Surely, you can establish an order of priorities which would include the others that you love, including the Movement which is at this moment striving to save God's Truly Chosen Race — the White Race. I don't think Christ would mind that at all.

Comrades: 8.8.77

I have listened to old radio recordings from NS Germany prior to May 1945 and one broadcast said that Adolf Hitler died defending Berlin from the Reds instead of committing suicide. The tape which I heard claimed that the Allies destroyed his remains and the jewsmedia spread the present story of the Leader's death. What have you heard on this?

B.E., CA

Editor: I have heard too many stories to be quite sure in my mind just what could have happened. Certainly, it would appear illogical for the Allies not to have displayed Hitler's body,

had they actually found it. They in their petty Jewish way would have revelled in the photography of Hitler's corpse, just as they did in the case of Mussolini and in the case of the murdered war heroes of Nuremberg, all of whom they photographed after they were hanged, the nooses still around their necks. If Hitler's body was never found, then...? Your guess is as good as mine. Whatever the outcome, his example lives on as our inspiration and our hope for the future.

Dietz & Co.: 8.7.77

A Canadian WPM? You've outdone yourselves. Splendid!

Don't stop at Canada, but then, you never have. I guess Australia and South Africa are about to fall like ripe plums into the WPM. 88!

A.S., CA

Editor: The White Power Movement belongs not to Dietz & Co., but to the White Race, wherever we are. We are simply the logical expression of a movement whose time has come. It is our privilege to serve.

You are a very good guesser.

Dear Editor: 6.14.77

As a fully-committed anti-communist I would welcome large packages of your material for distribution throughout the free world. Please continue to send me your paper [sic] on a regular basis so as to keep me fully informed on all aspects of international events.

Your material is badly needed to counteract pro-liberal propaganda. I anticipate your generous response.

T.W. Ireland

Editor: Your blarney is overwhelming. In reply to your request, I can only say that your money is badly needed to counteract our bill-collectors. I anticipate your generous response. Question: Can an Irishman and a German have a Mexican stand-off? Stay tuned to this station folks...

Dear Mr Dietz: 7.20.77

I received your July WPR and found it to be very good, except for some of the letters from different interested people. I have something to say in regard to them: I have been associated with the NSWPP for some time and I know how hard they work and the pressures they are up against — namely, those who find fault and complain. As to their newspaper, White Power, they told us it would come out only every other month and they were combining two months with each issue. They don't have time, as they would wish, to put out more and bigger issues.

After reading the letters from interested people [Do uninterested people write letters? Ed. Sorry, there.] who probably mean well, I don't see how they fail to understand that Arlington has more to do than just print newspapers and poems? These things will have to wait until the enemy is under control. So, in all kindness to Mr Kvinnesland I must say that Arlington has more important things to do than publish their organ on time. They are fighting to the death, if need be, to save Our White Race.

I have seen some of these men with blood streaming down their faces, yet standing brave and strong in front of the enemy. They need more encouragement, not complaints or fault-finding. So please, stop picking Arlington apart. They need your support, not more trouble. They have enough of that from the enemy.

L.C., Pa.

Editor: I heartily agree that no one is justified in complaining about Arlington. They do nothing at all to justify complaints, nothing at all.

Dear Sir: 8.4.77

A most sincere and hearty congratulation on your work. I just perused the literature which arrived at a friend's house today and cannot express how excited it has made me. Your material is most indicative of future success, unlike the stagnant NSWPP with their rigid, puritanical dress codes and haughty self-righteousness. Actually, to blame the NSWPP collectively for Koehl's repressiveness would be wrong.

In any event, you are a beacon of light in the shadowy abyss of racially mongrelized Western Civilization. With men like you we can meet the challenge ahead with hope. White Victory!

D.W., Va.

Editor: Oh, oh! Looks like someone else is complaining. Sorry about that, L.C.

Dear Mr Dietz: 7.25.77

You have a lot of guts to publish what you do, however, I frankly think you could include more articles for the price of your publication.

Is it possible that your attitude on Jews is too severe? Perhaps a lighter touch would make them not feel persecuted and will get them to change their ways. Maybe if we all show them our best side, they will then stop their destructive activities. Maybe if we all show how we want to accept them, they will become assimilated. The more they feel themselves the victims of anti-Semitism, the harder they will become. Should we not drop this anti-Semitism and get rid of our negative image?

Everyone I talk to hates the Germans. I feel sorry for them. Could not Germans do something to redeem their reputation? Maybe a gift to Israel would stop this anti-German nonsense.

What is your position on inter-racial marriage? Some Mexican women are beautiful. One would not like to be bigotted against such beautiful mestiza women. Isn't inter-racial marriage inevitable?

Thank you, Mr Editor.

Gary J. Grance
5567 South Jamaica
Englewood, Col. 80110

Editor's Assistant: As Mr Dietz had to leave his desk quite suddenly, due to a sudden attack of indigestion, I request our readers to answer this writer's questions. Gently, now, Comrades, he may be sincere!

Dear Sir: 6.30.77

The situation is deteriorating very fast and only a man like Adolf Hitler can save us now from total destruction. White Racist Greetings.

M.H., South Africa

Editor: That's great. I feel much better already. South Africans are not the only folk who need a Hitler to save them from destruction. If you find him before we do, can we borrow him for awhile?

White Comrades! 7.20.77

Though I would give all I had to a National Socialist government, I do not believe that we should support the ZOG by our tax tribute. It is the duty of all who call themselves White Nationalists to cease filing an income tax return and to stop supporting the ZOG and the forces of our own destruction. We must join the tax

strike.

It is also the duty to raise one's children to be NS and for parents who are NS to have at least one more child than they initially planned to have, no matter what their status in life and no matter what the sacrifice. I need not list the reasons why at this crucial time.

Incidentally, how do you keep the ZOG from sampling the mail that goes to you and thereby obtaining a list of us NS people?

R.W., Idaho

Editor: We don't. Tough luck, Comrade. The duties you outline are certainly very demanding. I therefore allow you to demonstrate your loyalty to National Socialism by your example. I shall observe the results from a safe distance. Good luck!

Dear Sir: 6.22.77

Thank you for all the White Power material! It's now working for the cause, all over my area. The White Power stickers really go over very well.

C.S., TX

Editor: Thank you for your support. Keep up the good work!

Dear George Dietz: 7.7.77

Thank you for your donation of books.

My husband is fighting for the White Race. We and our five children are suffering much hardship and persecution, but we bear our burdens gladly, for we know YHVH will give us double for our shame. We are praying for an early release.

When America is brought under God's Law, it will be by fearless warriors like my husband.

From the Wife of a Prisoner for Christ,

Mrs D. Tucker

Editor: As a kid in P.S. 26 Brainwashing Center I learned that debtors' prison was one of those nasty things abolished by the American Revolution and the U.S. Constitution. As the French cynic said: "The more things change, the more they remain the same." Best regards to your reverend husband. May he escape the ZOG-gulag unscathed. By the way, whatever did happen to our Constitutional guarantees of the right to privacy and the right not to testify in self-incrimination? Looks like the IRS abolished those rights and we never knew a thing about it, because we didn't want to know.

From Germany comes this dainty kosher slice of life under the ZOG:

The stillness of the night is broken by a man shouting "Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!"

Police response is immediate and massive: two patrol wagon-loads of kosher kops screech to a halt beside the raving Nazi. They pounce on him and place him under arrest, but as they drag him off to the patrol wagon, he suddenly collapses. Only then do they notice the knife sticking out of the man's back.

"Have you been attacked?" a policeman asks.

The man nods in affirmative.

"Well, damn it, man! Why were you shouting 'Heil Hitler'?" the policeman exclaims.

Although his words were growing fainter by the minute, the stabbing victim managed to gasp: "If I had shouted 'help', you wouldn't have come."

Boycott foodstore items
with the (U) or (K) seal!
It's Jewish Blackmail!

MARXISM AND NATIONAL SOCIALISM

by L. Craig Fraser

National Socialism is inevitable. It will come to America, though not in the form of "funny-looking costumes which identify the wearers with the 1930 German National Socialist movement." It will be an American National Socialism formed from the soil and soul of the American White Man. This irresistible march of the new creed is proved by a study of history.

Marxism has been translated in terms of the Soviet experiment. It is essentially a creed of class-hatred and hence, destructive. It is, moreover, essentially materialistic – hence its hatred of all spiritual values, especially the spiritual values of Christianity.

One may reasonably ask why a creed of class hatred and materialism promoted by a Jew should have made such an impression on the Western Aryan mind, as is evidenced by the growth of Marxist Communism in this century. To answer that question, it will be necessary to consider the nature of the Capitalist system which obtains in Europe and which provided the soil in which Communism has flourished.

Capitalism, from its earliest days, has thrown up many glaring instances of abject poverty at one end of the social scale co-existent with disgusting displays of opulent wealth on the other end. It was as a result of observation of these gross extremes of poverty and wealth that there emerged in those early days of Capitalism the embryonic Socialism which agitated against social injustice and campaigned for the establishment of a society capable of improving the conditions of the bitterly oppressed workers of that day.

This theory of Socialism passed through many vicissitudes in its development and was variously interpreted by people like Robert Owen, Kingsley and other idealists on the one hand, and by Labriola, Engels, Marx and other materialists on the other.

Capitalism, the established system, provided the thesis for the gamut of disputation which raged. Capitalism contained the very social injustices about which all Socialists were in general agreement and the Capitalists were generally seen as composing a class of person distinct from the poverty-stricken workers. Hence it is not greatly to be wondered at the emergence of class hatred or at least, class antagonism, as the overlying motif in the antithesis developed by these early Socialist thinkers. It was class hatred which loomed particularly large in the Marxist scheme of things, then as now.

Thesis and antithesis then took the field in opposition to one another, the advocates of the antithesis being very much on the down and out until they captured the Russian Empire in 1917. However, the triumph of the Communist Party did not mean the advent of the synthesis or resolution of Capitalist/Socialist contradictions. It simply represented the triumph of

the antithesis – Marxism – every bit as crippled in its social outlook as its predecessor, Capitalism.

It was even more embarrassing to the Marxists that they had failed to bring off their anti-Capitalist revolution in a Capitalist country, for the Russian Empire was a Feudal state rather than a Capitalist state. Thus the conditions obtaining in Russia were more akin to those of the French Revolutionary period than they were to twentieth century Capitalism.

The first instance of rapid decline of a Capitalist state was that of Italy. Here, the antithesis was applied, but failed to establish itself and there appeared for the first time the signs of a synthesis in the form of Fascism, which was successfully established as a stable system, rooted as it was in the firm grounding of realpolitik – the actual, rather than the abstract.

The formula is simple: The thesis (Capitalism) is opposed by the antithesis (Communism) and the resultant conflict resolves the limitations and contradictions of both thesis and antithesis in a productive synthesis (Fascism).

The next Capitalist state to enter into a revolutionary period was Germany, a country even more representative of Capitalism than Italy; the country, in fact, which gave birth to Marxism. Communism was better organized as a political force in Germany than in any other Capitalist state in the world, therefore the synthesis – National Socialism – was even more successful in Germany than was the first synthesis in Italy. The Communist antithesis promoted by the Jews was, in direct consequence, even more disastrous in its resultant defeat, for once the National Socialist synthesis was achieved, the marching columns of Red Guards were transformed into the marching columns of the S.A. Once again, the thesis was not replaced by the antithesis – both were superseded by the racial synthesis.

Meanwhile, similar movements representative of the New Order of synthesis sprang up spontaneously, organically, from their native soil in almost every European state. In Britain, the British Union; in Spain, National Syndicalism; in France, several separate movements with similar objectives; in Belgium, Holland, Denmark and so on until these expressions of the Spirit of the Age could only be stifled by the armed might of the powers of darkness. But, overwhelmed as it was, the synthesis could never be destroyed, for its seedlings would always take root in the fertile plots of Capitalism and Communism. Only with the disappearance of both thesis and antithesis can there be any assurance whatsoever that the Phoenix of National Socialism will not soar up from the ashes of defeat once more and ascend to final victory.

National Socialism is emerging in different countries under different names, thus giving point and emphasis to one of its salient features: Nationalism. Whatever the title, however, the fundamental characteristics by which it may be identified are obvious: (1) Nationalism, as distinct from the internationalism of Communist Zionism. (2) Class collaboration, as distinct from Communist-Jew class antagonism. (3) Recognition of private property rights, as distinct from the Communist-Jew denial of private property rights.

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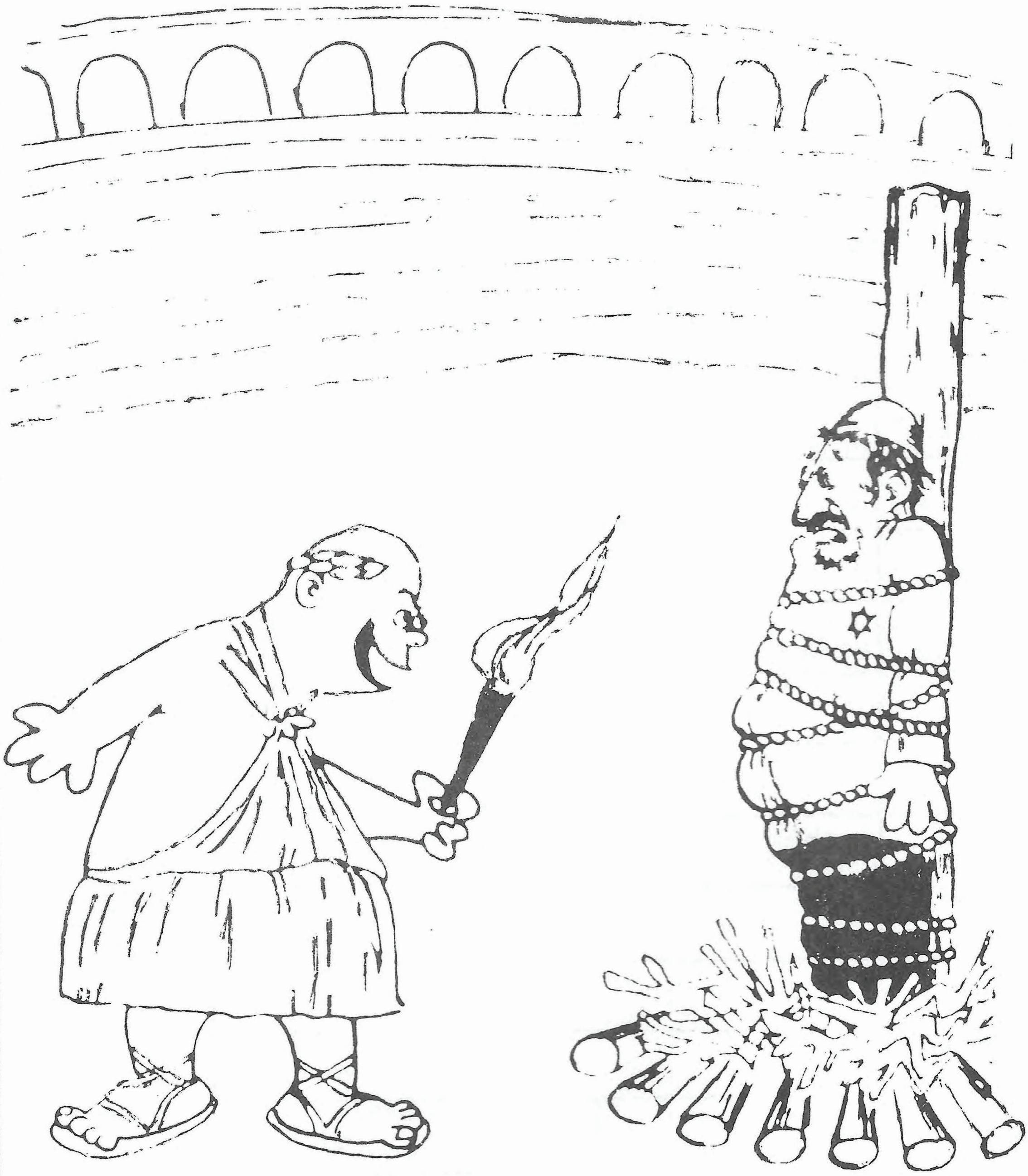

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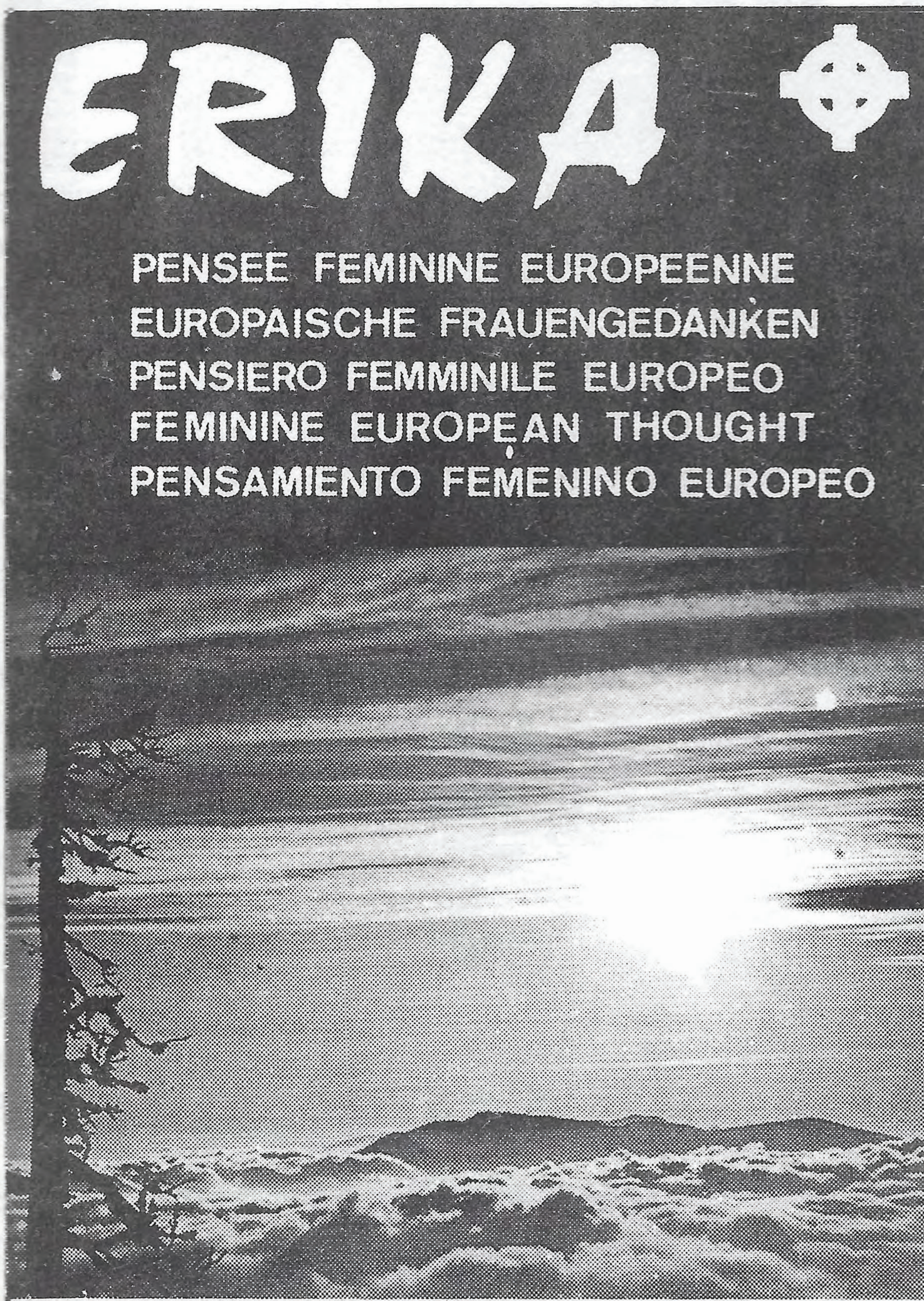

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THE ONLY WAY

National Socialists:
What They Were Really Like

by George Dietz

As one who grew up in the Third Reich, I am amazed at the weird personages who attempt to promote National Socialism in this country and I am even more amazed at what these NS caricatures conceive of as being National Socialist conduct and objectives. My own father was an *Alter Kaempfer* and joined the Party around the time of Rudolf Hess, so I may speak with some authority concerning life under National Socialism.

Contrary to popular belief amongst self-styled 'Nazis', Party members were never stew-bums, deadbeats, losers, dropouts or freak show exhibits. They were achievers, go-getters, solid citizens. They were not professional unemployables or *lumpenproletariat* as most self-styled 'Nazis' are today, but in those times the Party membership represented a fair cross-section of the German people – the decent people of all classes.

Jew historians claim that National Socialism was above all a middle class movement which resulted from the middle class' fear of becoming 'proletarians'. If that is so, there must have been very few proletarians in all of Germany, because Party ranks were early filled by farmers, laborers, factory workers, artisans and tradesmen as well as clerks, administrators, teachers, professors and so on.

Those who read history as it is written seem prone to forget the fact that history-in-the-making is no easy thing. Although National Socialism triumphed in Germany, that victory was no easy achievement, no sure-thing, even though the Party offered the only conceivable solution to the many problems which plagued Germany at the time and which plague it today. I still remember the times my father came home with the marks of political struggle on his own body – his blood and that of the enemy.

The struggle was more than the blows of clubs and fists, however. It was murder, ZOG-imprisonment, judicial persecution, dismissal from employment, smears and starvation. It was not a series of Banner-bedecked Saturday night brawls, but a grim war of attrition which exacted a toll not only on the individual fighter, but on his friends, his family and his comrades.

Perhaps I have made the struggle sound too one-sided. Let me point out that the struggle was by no means one-sided, otherwise National Socialism would never have succeeded in overcoming the terrible odds. My father, a typical Storm Trooper, was well-armed, although he carried no gun nor knife. He was armed with the Idea of National Socialism, the Leadership of Adolf Hitler, the fellowship of his Party comrades, his sense of duty to our race, and most important of all, he had the loyal support of his wife and children. We were his most immediate contact with his Nation, the most immediate and tangible reason for his struggle to insure that Our Nation had

T/L Heinrich Dietz at age 31, in a photo taken during May 1933.

a future.

The Jews in their infinite perversity have depiccted National Socialism as being a male preserve in which a bunch of overgrown boys played soldier, a kind of predatory Boy Scout movement. As usual, the truth is vastly different than what the Jews portray it to be. National Socialism was a woman's movement, as much as any man's. Female participation was no publicity stunt on the part of Dr Goebbels, but an organic function of the Party. National Socialism grew out of the fundamental necessity to protect and nurture the German family, a necessity recognized by man and woman alike. Without the German woman at his side, the German man would not have worked and fought as he did to bring the National Socialist Revolution into being. Victory came as the result of steady, systematic effort and inexhaustible reserves of courage and stamina. Many times the NS fighter and organizer would ask himself if it was worth it. Why sacrifice for an uncertain future? Why not enjoy even the little there is to enjoy today? One glance at his woman and children would remind him that the struggle was worth it.

Because the Jewish Nation threatened the German Nation on its home ground, the Jews were seen as the major enemy, but they were not fought directly. Then, as now, they were never in the frontline of battle. My father and his comrades had to fight the massed formations of communists, social democrats and right-wing reactionaries – our fellow Germans! Once the dupes were converted and the renegades defeated, Germans were once more united and the Jews were powerless. With the loss of their muscle-power went the loss of their money-power, for now the Jews could no longer protect their predatory usurpation of Germany's money system. The Jews stood defeated and Germany was at peace.

This brings me to the subject of these racial aliens. What actually happened to the Jews who chose to remain in Germany after the establishment of the Third Reich? In fact, very little did happen. Jews lived in my hometown, Kassel, from 1933 throughout the war years. As they were non-citizens, they shared none of our responsibilities, but as German residents, they did share the terrible hardships inflicted upon the civilian population by the Allies.

Certainly, no Jew was a German citizen, but neither were all Jews considered criminals. This policy is certainly in contrast to the general confinement of all Japanese-Americans during the Second World War! Despite the fact that the international Jewish Kehillah had declared war on Germany in 1933, the year Hitler became Chancellor, Jews who had committed no crimes were left alone and those who were criminals received fair punishment, according to due process of law. So it should be in any just society.

In regard to laws of the Third Reich which concerned non-Whites, specifically Jews, the so-called Nuremberg Laws for the preservation of the Aryan Race were far less vindictive than is the Jews' Talmud. Our laws sought the protection of the Aryan Race by the prohibition of race-mixing. The Jews' talmudic injunctions go one better: Non-Jews are to be killed whenever an opportunity presents itself!

Another fallacy which seems to have currency in Hollywood Nazi

I AM PROUD OF MY DAD!
Kassel/Germany, May 1, 1933: T/L (later S/L) Heinrich Dietz with his troop of Faithful during May-Day Parade on Wilhelmshoeher Allee corner Adolf Hitler Platz.

circles is that we received a constant barrage of political instruction and lots of anti-Jewish propaganda. This is false. From my own recollection of the Hitler Youth, of which I was a member, there were no such political indoctrination programs. Like the fabled gassing of the Six Million, this is one more 'sin of omission' for which the Third Reich reaps the blame, but not the advantage, had such programs really been carried out.

On the contrary, with the forces of death, decay and destruction banished from our homeland, like true Aryans, we turned our attention to positive, joyous and creative tasks. We had no reason to be ashamed of our own culture and inventiveness – we gloried in them. We worked hard and willingly, for our land once more belonged to Our Nation and our leaders represented the National Will, not the insidious dictates of alien enemies.

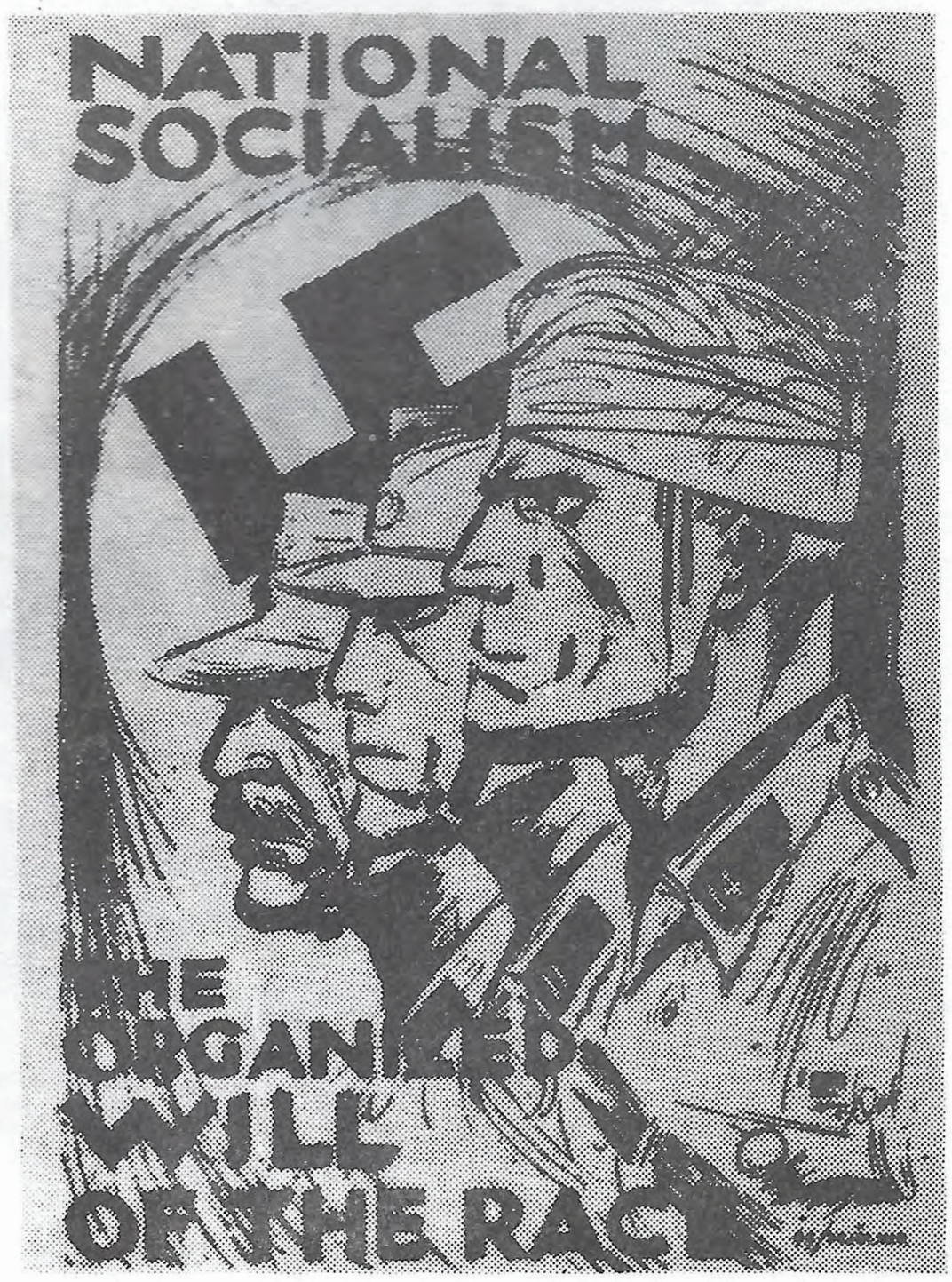
Far from being a beehive of feverish preparation for war, as depicted by Jew history-distorters, life in the Third Reich was good. When we worked, we worked – diligently, conscientiously and energetically – but because we worked for ourselves and not for alien parasites, we had more to show for our efforts and more leisure time to enjoy the fruits of our labors.

National Socialism was above all, natural. It was a political program which grew out of a basic appreciation for Nature and which applied Nature's Laws to politics as well as all other facets of life. National Socialism was and is a way of life, encompassing the smallest particle as well as the universal concepts. Thus, National Socialism knew much more about ecology than the counter-culture freaks of today. Respect for Nature was no week end activity, but the experience of daily life.

I remember how much I used to enjoy the food we bought in stores, restaurants, cafes and bakeries: meats, sausages, bread, beer, candies, pastries, canned foods, etc. They were delicious and good for us because they had no poisonous additives and get-rich-quick food substitutes. Our doctors knew that many illnesses were symptomatic of poor nutrition and they healed us, not by prescribing drugs with bad side-effects for the relief of the symptoms, but by prescribing a proper diet which eliminated the cause of the ailment.

In this regard, this is just what the real Nazis achieved in Germany: they treated the cause of our political ailments and moreover, guided our de-toxified body politic back upon the Path of Aryan Destiny. This is the task of the real National Socialists in America today.

If you want to be a real National Socialist, join the White Power Movement.



AMERICA'S GULAG ARCHIPELAGO

Those who have read Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*, the grim description of the Jewish terror state in the USSR (minus any mention of the fact that the Jews are responsible) and those who have read the even grimmer book by Bacu, *The Anti-Humans* (see our booklist), have an inkling of the molochian machinations which go on behind the stone and log palisades of Soviet prison camps. But how many are aware that the same atrocities are taking place behind the concrete walls of America's gulags? All too few, or perhaps the stark reality is simply too horrible to bear. We Americans seem unable to recognize awful truths when they appear before our eyes. We do nothing until we get our noses rubbed in them, and then it is too late. Millions of Russians, now dead, said that "a few Jews" could do nothing of the sort to them. But they did it anyway, and now those Russians are dead and the Jews strut over their unmarked graves. Millions of White Americans are saying the same thing to themselves. After all, we are the majority, are we not? So why should we worry about a few minorities – no matter how predatory, no matter how organized, no matter how vicious... "What, me worry?" This may be our epitaph as a race on this continent and perhaps on Planet Earth.

Frederick Seelig, ZOG-assassinated author of *Destroy the Accuser*, described the realities of unlawful arrest, detention and torture which lurk, ever present, behind the righteous facade of the U.S. Department of Justice. White Americans' supposedly inalienable rights have been alienated from them by the racial aliens who have usurped this country and now constitute its unconstitutional Occupation Government. In brief, their minions, the U.S. prison authorities who are charged with the rehabilitation of criminals are themselves much in need of rehabilitation.

We should no longer be surprised at the growing similarity of the U.S. prison system with that of the Soviet Union. After all, they are operated under the same management – the Jews! Because the Jews have ruled the Soviet Union from the very beginning, the tactic of systematic terror and the maintenance of a prison-camp system larger in area and population than most countries represented in the U.N. was an integral building-block, the cornerstone, in fact, of the Zionist U.S.S.R. Were there no prisoners available to fill the ZOG-gulags of the Soviet Union, the ZOG would have to invent a criminal statute which would ensure that there would be sufficient violators to keep the system full of slave-laborers. It has been known to happen that some of the guards themselves were put on the inside of the barbed wire when the prisoner population dwindled! But more than this need for slave-labor, the Zionist Terror must continue, otherwise the subject Gentile majority might erupt

in rebellion and sweep away the parasitic and predatory Jewish minority.

It has been mentioned that the prison camps provide the Jewish tyrants with cheap, tax-payer-supported slave labor. The gulag system also provides them with huge masses of human guinea pigs and a convenient dumping-ground for personal enemies and political opponents. It was the gulag which produced that revealing study entitled *Brainwashing* (see booklist).

The Jews know only one way to rule and this way is exemplified by the manner in which they run the Mafia, their own people via the Kehillah and the Soviet Union and its satellites. As Jew-rule becomes more oppressive, as must any thriving parasitic infestation, the Zionist International Terror (ZIT) will become more evident and the specter of the Gulag will loom ever larger in the minds of White Americans until we too will attach the same fearsome significance to the 'knock on the door' as our fellow Whites in the Satanic Soviet Union. The Jews have used terror since ancient times and even the most notable Romans had to lower their voices "for fear of the Jews."

At the time of this writing – 1977 – the ZOG of America realizes the following benefits from the local Gulag or prison system:

(1) Cheap labor at tax-payers' expense. Prison-made goods make profits and lots of this money goes into the pockets of prison officials – their 'fringe benefits' for keeping silent about the system.

(2) Cheap assassins, in or out of prison. If a loser whose major achievement in life has been the robbing of a filling station for $37.50 and the killing of its attendant is suddenly found outside, with lots of money and two valid passports of different nationalities, one can only conclude that the loser had official assistance. Regardless of such contretemps, the use of prisoner assassins does allow the ZOG to eliminate its enemies without 'official' involvement. In the American society there is still mileage to be made out of general ignorance as to the methods used by the alien dominators. In the Soviet Union there is no need for such attempts at subterfuge: Regardless of the alleged source of such an assassination, Soviet slaves know it was the ZOG's KGB that did the job.

(3) Lots of human guinea pigs for individual and mass experimentation in brainwashing, torture, behavior-alteration and the testing of new drugs and poisons.

(4) Secrecy. The ZOG can monitor very strictly the in and outflow of information. Even when a prisoner is released, he cannot say what is going on, otherwise he will go back inside and/or the ZOG will 'reveal' records to the effect that he was a 'mental case' and received 'treatment' while in prison. He will be discredited or 'disappear' or both.

(5) Demoralization, corruption and division of Whites by strict isolation and harsh punishment of White leaders; concerted programs against any show of White unity. Official acquiescence and even encouragement of non-White gangs to beat up, kill and/or sodomize individual Whites.

(6) A massive tax-supported training program which is now being conducted with official sponsorship and guidance to militarize non-Whites for the outright conquest and subjugation of what is left of White America.

ANITA BRYANT: White Power Wonder Woman

by Harlan Stevens

White Power issues there are aplenty! This is what makes White Power so relevant to the White Majority of America. The fact that it is not more relevant is due to apathy, ineptitude and lack of Activists to put the White Power Message across. One disgruntled dropout from the kosher ranks of the right wing was heard to gripe that lack of money was the big hold up. The trick, he said, would be to use the Jews' money against them. This is what we would call reverse Jew-jitsu. Well, fellow Werewolves of the WPM, the job has already been done! The Jews are indeed spending their money on our behalf. Just look around you.

Without the Jew creation of Black Power, there could have been no White Power. Whitey was so unconscious of his race that being White had no significance whatsoever to him, not until the black fist of Black Power punched him in the guts.

More to the point of this article, the Jews are pushing pervert power for all it's worth, as if three-dollar bills are worth anything. Perverts, especially of the homosexual variety, male and female, are a definite threat to the existence of Our Race, just as are heterosexual race-mixers. Now we have the heroic Anita Bryant going all out against the homos, just as we advocate, and she is doing so at no cost whatsoever to the WPM. She is getting millions of dollars of free publicity as the Jews attempt to hold her sanity to ridicule, therefore we White Power Activists must support her in our own interests, as well as Anita's.

The following suggested handbill entitled "Anita For President!" serves to incorporate her popular position into the White Power Program. Why "Anita For President!"? Well, this handbill becomes more provocative and more interesting thereby. It is certainly an up-to-date issue in the public's eye, and unless the passer-by is a queer or wishes to support queers, he will be unlikely to refuse receiving such a handbill. Because it treats of a subject which is not NS, but will attract people who are interested in creating a decent society to NS, it will insure a maximum acceptance and exposure to public consideration.

Of equal importance is the demonstration of the White Power Movement's stand in regard to the women of Our Race: That we support women who speak out on issues which concern the survival of Our Race and that we welcome such women to positions of decision-making responsibility in the WPM. It encourages other White women to find out about us and to join as Activists.

Of course, should Anita actually decide to run for president, we would be the originators of the idea in the public mind. Well, you see what I mean about using the Jews' money against them? There are lots and lots of Jew-created problems and issues

which are getting ample publicity. All we have to do is plant the WPM Star & Swastika on top of them and the Jews will be working for us! Let's wake up and start using our imaginations, Comrades. This is exactly what Adolf Hitler and his leaders did – they used Jew-created issues against the Jews and they succeeded in wresting power from the kikes. There is just no substitute for good thinking. For now, let's boost Anita – she needs it!

ANITA BRYANT FOR PRESIDENT COMMITTEE 1980
GAY RIGHTS? NUTS TO FRUITS!

(1) Do you want your children taught by homosexuals in schools and accosted by them at recess?

(2) Do you wish the national security compromised by homosexuals in high-level posts?

(3) Homosexuals are not campaigning for rights as people, but on behalf of homosexuality. Do you support such behavior?

(4) Do you believe that homosexuality itself is a worthwhile contribution to our civilization?

(5) Because homosexuality is practically nonexistent in Nature, the humans who are homosexuals engage in such activity mainly out of choice. Rather than twist our society to accommodate their preference for perversion, why not insist that they behave themselves like decent people?

(6) The fact that Florida voters in Dade County repealed their 'gay rights' ordinance indicates that homosexuality is not approved by the majority. Why should we permit a perverted and predatory minority to enforce their standards upon us?

(7) Why don't other cities and counties allow similar referenda on the 'gay rights' issue? Because they know that the voters would object, just as they did in Dade County, Florida. That is why many cities and counties are trying to sneak the 'gay rights' ordinances through without putting them to a vote.

(8) Since homosexuals cannot reproduce their numbers in the normal manner, they must make their life-style attractive to others, especially the young, in order to snare additional recruits to their perversion. Do you think the general public should support their efforts?

(9) Once homosexuals are given 'equal rights' and therefore access to the very persons from whom they should be protected – our children – why can't child-molesters and rapists get the same rights? After all, it's "just a matter of personal sexual preference."

(10) Would you really want an avowed homosexual living in your neighborhood – stop kidding yourself, now – with 'equal rights' to instruct your kids about his 'life-style'? Once such perverts obtain 'equal rights', how would you prevent a queer 'missionary' from setting up shop in your neighborhood?

(11) Do you like the idea of tax-payers' money – your money – being used to prosecute some decent family man or woman just because he or she refused to rent or sell a house or apartment to perverts?

(12) Most Christians consider homosexuality a biblical sin, proscribed by scripture. Most people who are without religious convictions

consider such behavior unnatural and anti-social. Racially conscious people recognize homosexuality as a threat to their survival. There is no constructive justification for perversion. Do you think there is?

(13) Homosexuality is anything but "gay". It is an underworld existence fraught with squalor, immaturity, neurosis, violence, selfishness, vanity and murder. Homosexual relationships are unstable, not because society objects to homosexuality, but because homosexuals themselves are unstable personalities. Is this the type of social behavior we wish to encourage?

(14) Write Anita in support of her courageous stand. Ask her to consider active political candidacy for presidency in 1980. Anita is far more than a pretty face! She is a conscientious mother, American patriot and writer. She has been active for many years in the cause of restoring this country to sanity and justice.

ANITA BRYANT IS THE MOST ATTRACTIVE AND CAPABLE WOMAN CANDIDATE EVER TO STAND FOR AN ISSUE OF SUCH PUBLIC IMPORTANCE. AMERICA NEEDS ANITA IN PUBLIC LIFE! WON'T YOU SUPPORT HER?

Here, too, there is a mission for National Socialism to fulfil. It must teach our people not to fix their attention on the little things, but rather on the great things, not to exhaust their energies on secondary objects, and not to forget that the object we shall have to fight for one day is the bare existence of our people and that the sole enemy we shall have to strike at is that Power which is robbing us of this existence.

Mein Kampf

ACTION REPORT

BOSTON BOILS

In the July issue of WPR it was reported how the White people of South Boston defended their homes and neighborhoods against a Red-Black invasion, led by the Jews. This initial victory caused morale to run high among South Boston's Whites, even though everyone acknowledged that they had merely weathered Round One in their lonely battle against the co-ordinated forces of world Zionism.

The ZOG mix-masters were angry about the free nose-jobs they received collectively when their May Day March self-destructed – with help from Boston's irate Whites. It was particularly embarrassing when the NAACP headquarters in Roxbury, the heart of niggertown, burst into flames and became a footnote in the Fire Chief's annual report. Apparently inflamed by this impromptu house-warming, the mulatto NAACP leader, Tom Atkins, who has a White wife, began to reform the defeated coalition of Reds, Blacks and kikes in order to take the field once more. Atkins announced that a gigantic, mass rally would be held on Boston Commons on May 17, 1975.

May 17 began as a quiet Sunday morning, but the tranquility was not to last. The NAACP's Jewish masters had organized not one, but a series of marches which would originate at various points of the compass and would converge upon the Commons, the intention being to thwart any White resistance by avoiding a single route of march. The NAACP revealed its true colors by requesting and receiving the support of every Red group in the area. The rally was going to be a big one.

By two o'clock in the afternoon, the rivers of mud-people had oozed into the Commons. There one could see mongrels of every type: Chigroes, mulattoes, sambos, mestizos; all combined with mixed-race couples intent upon producing more of these genetic cripples – all overseen by the Jewish masters.

The police had gathered in force to prevent any violence, but not much was happening. It looked as if the sewers had backed up and overflowed upon Boston's historic Commons, complete with the stench of unwashed negroid bodies. Not only was the pollution visible and smellable, it was audible. Public address systems blared forth talmudic tirades on 'winds of change' and the 'wonders of race-mixing', the 'great new age of racial brotherhood' and so on, ad nauseam. Some of the more notable Red groups in attendance were the Trotskyites of the Socialist Workers' Party (none of whom work at any honest labor); the Committee Against Racism (which shares offices with the Communist Party, U.S.A. at 624 Massachusetts Avenue in Cambridge); the Student Coalition Against Racism; Cesar Chavez' Chicano Cosa Nostra and the Progressive Labor Party. Estimates of the crowd ranged from

10,000 to 35,000.

Then it happened: At the north end of the Commons, on a hilltop overlooking the crowd, there appeared an enormous banner: "NAACP = COMMUNISM!" Next to the banner was an American flag, the only American flag to be seen anywhere in the Commons. Slowly, the frizzy Afroed heads began to turn in the direction of the White Racist presence on the hill, where all of ten Whites stood in confrontation with the massed mob of mud-people. The waving and bobbing of large Jewish noses gave the signal and the Blacks began to hoot and shout obscenities in their mutha-tongue, jumping up and down in accompaniment like monkeys. The seething mass of subhumans looked like a mob scene from *Planet of the Apes.*

The tiny band of White Power Activists stood their ground and refused to leave the hill as the mud-hued mob surged around them. It began to look like Custer's Last Stand for the Whites, for they were about to be torn limb from limb by the negroidal savages who were working up their bloodlust, encouraged by the Jews who stood in the back of the mob and who shouted advice like "Kill the Nazis!" and other tokens of racial brotherhood and affection. But, the kosher slaughter was not to be, for the savage shouting was drowned out by the roar of motorcycles, police motorcycles, which came charging up the hill in time to stop the massacre.

It was a strange day, indeed, for instead of arresting the Whites for "incitement to riot, disturbing the peace, etc." the police informed the mud-people and their Jewish overseers that the Whites had the right to counter-demonstrate! The press even interviewed the White Activists, after which the police requested that they transfer their counter-demonstration to another side of the hill. The Whites, surprised at this show of fairness on the part of the police, were happy to comply. They had fully expected to be thrown into jail as the price for their courageous patriotism. The White Activist who went over to retrieve the flag was further surprised to see it guarded by two policemen who prevented the Marxist mud-battalions from defiling it with their slimy claws.

The Whites formed up and marched in good order to their new location beside the Band Stand, expressing their feelings by singing White Power songs and shouting the slogan, "White Power!" And like the fabled rats who followed the Pied Piper, they were followed by thousands of swarming, teeming apemen and subhumans. But once again, the representatives of law and order did their job and interposed themselves between the mud-men and the White men.

It was time for 'show & tell' as one White Activist gave an impromptu speech identifying the Jews as being behind the whole race-mixing scheme to commit genocide against the White Race. The speaker shouted to the subhuman throng: "How many Jews do we have here?" The response was deafening as thousands of sheenies shrieked in the affirmative. Then the White speaker asked: "How many of you are Communists?" Again, there resounded howls of unanimity. The speaker smiled and thanked them for being so co-operative. In conclusion, he said: "See, Hitler was right – Communism is Jewish!"

At this statement, the mob was reduced to a murderous murmur of disapproval, as to be expected, but –

surprise! – the police were clapping and cheering!

What the White people lacked in quantity that day, they made up for in quality, for these same stalwarts led a mini-march for White Power through the heart of Boston, right through the nigger/kike precinct of prostitution, affectionately dubbed "The Combat Zone" by Boston police. The marchers greeted the denizens of this den of iniquity with shouts of "What do we want? White Power!" If that were not enough to dispel the dope and smoke befuddlement of the inhabitants, the fifty police motorcyclists which escorted the marchers made the pimps' eyeballs pop, not to mention the seething mob of rabble which slunk along behind, awaiting its chance to prevent the few brave White marchers from escaping alive.

Every time the mainly Jew and Black mob would rush forward to attack the marchers, police would intervene handily, bringing their nightsticks down upon the woolly numbskulls to drive in the message that they understood what the White men's march was all about, and further, that they, the police, heartily approved of White Power. The fact that the White policemen are beginning to think and act like White men is a major victory in itself and the ZOG knows how little it can rely upon White enforcers to slay and enslave their racial kinsmen – thus the emphasis upon non-White recruitment into the armed forces, with special emphasis on rapid non-White advancement into the ranks of officers and non-coms. In other words, the pro-White behavior of the Boston police would indicate that the ZOG's pretenses of legality are wearing thin and soon must be dropped in favor of open tyranny – the law of the gun in non-White hands.

Meanwhile, back on the Commons, the commie kikes were bragging about their 'victory' in 'driving the Nazis away from the rally'. Warming to their synthetic subject, the rabbinic Reds embellished their fable for the day by bragging to the assembled battalions of boobs, bastards and misbegotten critters that the 'Nazis' not only had been driven off the Commons, they had actually been "run out of town" by none other than the People's Army of the Proletariat [sic]. The Jew spewers of slander expressed the regret, however, that these White Racists had somehow given the proletarian mongrels the slip, preventing them from showing the world how cowardly these White bigots were. The Jews did not know how soon they were to get another chance to make with their fists or eat their words.

Around eight o'clock that evening, four (4) uniformed Storm Troopers emerged from Boston's South Subway Station and advanced upon the nearby kosher HQ of the Socialist Workers' Party. The hebes who were lounging out in front, dressed in their best proletarian threadbares, scattered in terror at this awesome show of Aryan might and the dreadful battle-cry of White Power. Screaming, they fled inside the HQ and barricaded themselves behind the bullet-proof glass doors of the establishment. The four White Power Activists were determined to do their bit for 'brotherhood' by giving the unwilling occupants free 'nose-jobs' (yes, free!) but the Trotskyite kikes would have none of it. In response to the rat-like squeals of their fellow-tribesmen, a veritable horde of hebes collected

behind the doors to stave off this Aryan invasion. To the brave White men it looked like a sea of noses on the other side of the glass.

Then, having made their point in regard to the identity of the real cowards, the White Power Activists returned to the subway station and made a strategic withdrawal. Here (Activists please note) was a perfect example of surprise, combined with knowledge of the enemy (his cowardice) plus a timely breaking off of the action. A perfect tactical operation.

With such spirit and diligence, it would appear that the Storm Troopers would have gone from strength to strength in South Boston and that today, that section of the city would look like Munich of 1930, with Swastika Banners and brownshirts everywhere in evidence, but such was not the case. In more vulgar parlance, that 'was all she wrote'. The same, it is sad to relate, applied to the Klan. Somehow, the Nazi/KKK, the major thrust of open White Power, simply did not go over in South Boston, despite the bravery, the dedication and diligent efforts of the activists involved. Let us survey some of the reasons contributing to their failure, not to down-grade their valiant efforts, but to learn what caused the failure. We simply cannot afford to fail, time after time, for the hour is growing late for the White Race.

As proved to be the rule rather than the exception in White Activist circles, personality differences created a lot of static in putting over the White Power Message to the Whites of South Boston, but when the crunch came, these personal differences were buried and true Aryan Solidarity came into being, at least for the duration of the immediate conflict with the mud-people. Hence, it was not personality conflicts which stopped the march toward White Power and no offenders' names need be mentioned.

It goes without saying that those activists affiliated with the NSWPP received the usual negative support from their Arlington HQ, but that is par for the course and hardly a factor any more in the activist Weltanschauung.

No, neither of these reasons caused the failure to organize the White people of South Boston for the Klan or the National Socialists. The main reason for the failure was far more serious in nature, for it stemmed from the abject failure to understand what was happening in the area and to relate what was happening in terms which the Whites could understand. In fact, there was more emphasis upon gaining some jewsmedia publicity than on communicating with the South Boston Whites, and these good people were not slow on the uptake in this regard. They could see that the alien-garbed outsiders were more interested in 'doing their own thing', rather than coming to the aid of their oppressed fellow-Whites. Again, what price publicity?

The failure to understand the feelings of the local Whites was the major factor in the failure to gain their support. Most White Nationalist groups, be they Klan or Nazi still follow Rockwell's Phase I program of gaining attention through the shock-value of brownshirts and bedsheets. The problem with this approach is that, after attention is gained, it takes a whole lot of explaining what the actual programs of the Nazi/KKK are. This Phase One tactic can create, without the guiding

genius of a Rockwell, a stampede, not in the direction of White Power, but away from it. The problem is that the Nazi/KKK have a ready-made image, true or not, which takes a lot of explaining. We have already discussed the Klan's traditional association with anti-Catholic Protestantism and its identification with Anglo-Saxons, to the detriment of other Aryan peoples. These are formidable stumbling-blocks to overcome and the Jews make the best use of them in their strategy of dividing and conquering the White Race. Certainly, when Rockwell used the term NAZI in his Phase One of the early sixties, this tactic was effective. But 'Nazis' are no longer newsworthy in themselves, for there are now dozens of 'Nazi' groups and one-man 'parties' in America. Rockwell saw that Phase One was done and he moved on to Phase Two: the creation of a leadership cadre. For one reason and another, chiefly, the Commander's assassination, Phase II did not succeed at all in comparison with Phase I. It is even more disastrous that the NSWPP, a Phase Two idea, should be applied to Phase III, the building of a mass movement, as the facts show.

When the National Socialists came to Boston, the local White people knew nothing about National Socialism, except for what they saw on *Hogan's Heroes.* To them, anything which used the word, Socialism, was Communist. Those good people could care less whether it was Aryan Socialism or whatever; Socialism was Communism and that was that.

It is appropriate to insert here two of the White Power Movement's principles: (1) Form follows function and (2) People do not defend principles; people use principles to defend themselves: Truth is in no need of defenders; it is a weapon which we can use in our own defense. In illustration of the first principle, we have the name, White Power Movement. In illustration of the second, we have, as our primary objective, the protection and promotion of the White Race. The origins of the White Power Movement as a people-oriented, issue-related movement are appreciated by our worst enemies. Even the dumbest nigger can understand the meaning and the importance of White Power. Even the most librium-loaded, brainwashed liberal can understand, yet, the Nazi/KKK cannot grasp the importance of a White Power Movement for racially-awakening White folk who have seen Jew money-power, Black brute-power, Brown vote-power and now want some White Power. To use the slogan "White Power!" is an open admission that "Klan!" and "National Socialism!" are not slogans, nor rallying cries as of old, but merely confusing additions to the essential facts of the case. It should indeed give pause to the leaders of the Nazi/KKK that they have so much explaining away to do before they can get on with the White Power Program. Phase One is done! White people are coming around to the awareness of racial antagonisms and differences. They are beginning to understand via their tax bills that something more for Blackie means something less for Whitey. They are ready for the White Power Message, but here come the Nazi/KKK, impressing the potential White supporters as being a combination of kooks and delinquents. Enough theorizing. The facts of South Boston speak for themselves.

As before stated, the Whites of

South Boston knew nothing of National Socialism so that they automatically equated it with Communism. Moreover, they saw National Socialism immediately as a German movement. They do not know about the Pan-Aryan program of NS and they will not stand around long enough so you can tell them about it. The image of brownshirts; black, white and red banners; clunky rhetoric which sounds like a poor translation of a Goebbels speech – such incompetent packaging turns off contemporary Whites and turns them away from White Power. Another prejudice against NS, held by large numbers of Catholic South Bostonians, was that NS was anti-Catholic. In other words, the Nazi/KKK is accused of prejudice, but it is prejudice which prevents it from gaining support.

When the NS activists set up their bookstore and showed off their 1930-style uniforms, the White Bostonians saw only World War II. These brownshirt battalions were what their dads fought in World War II and the Socialists were the commie rats many of them had to fight in Korea and Vietnam. A more counter-productive image could not be invented were one to ask the Head Rabbi for instructions on how not to achieve White Power.

It goes without saying that the White people were not about to believe anything the National SOCIALISTS told them. They knew all about the phony Communist utopias, or thought they did, and they also knew that the proper way to deal with commies was to beat them up. For this reason, the Communists have set up front organizations based upon general agreement and then have directed these groups patiently and skilfully into the Communist line.

Certainly, we could take some pages out of the Communist activists' book as did Hitler, who wrote in MEIN KAMPF that he learned many things from the Communists – not in terms of ideology, but in terms of tactics and propaganda techniques. Political activism is largely a job of salesmanship. Regardless of the chosen ideology, there are known ways of getting the message across to the masses and a politician disregards such tried and proven techniques at his own risk. For this reason, ZOGpols (stooge politicians of the ZOG) rely upon the same packaging and image-making techniques that are used in selling a new brand of detergent. Just because the Jews have mastered these advertising techniques does not mean that Aryans cannot. Indeed, we must. The Jew is clever, but not creative. We are creative, but not very clever in terms of realizing the maximum personal advantage out of our achievements, for we are too busy achieving. There are ways of winning which can be learned from our now triumphant enemy and we must learn them. A weapon is a weapon, and any weapon which can assist us in our struggle for survival is not to be disregarded.

No longer interested in achieving jewsmedia publicity for outside groups, certain White Activists from the Nazi/KKK stayed on in South Boston, helping to educate the local Whites in regard to the Big Picture, in which the busing issue is merely a small part. These White Power Activists discarded their unwieldy Nazi/KKK affiliations and worked directly with the anti-busing groups formed by the local Whites themselves and can now bring their NS knowledge

into practice by making it relevant to the immediate needs of the White people. But let us return to that eventful summer of 1975.

After the masses of mud-people rallied or sullied the Commons on May 17, 1975, the Boston NAACP's half-and-half kingfish, Tom Atkins, wanted to keep the pressure on by fomenting another Black and Red invasion of Southie, this time on the beach known as Carson. With ZOG approval and money-power the mud-men announced their intentions of 'picnicking' at South Boston's Carson beach on August 17. Word was passed among Southie's Whites that the 'boneheads' were preparing another invasion. The NAACP announcement triggered the formation of the South Boston Defense League, a White Activist group which promised that August 17 was going to be no picnic for the Blacks.

The South Boston Defense League is for the most part a covert group comprised of the most radical and militant Whites who belong to the various anti-busing groups in the city. It is they who represent the hardline against alien domination and genocide through race-mixing and it is they who represent the force to be reckoned with in South Boston.

Aware of the attitudes of the White invadees, the NAACP requested maximum ZOG security, even Federal troops to protect their 'picnic' in White territory. In obedience to the mud-people of Massachusetts, their minion, Governor Dukakas who is married to a Jewess, called out the Tactical Police Force for escort duty.

It is essential to describe the duties of the TPF, for they represent the 'new-look' for police under the ZOG. These are police with a difference: they insure that the criminal elements of society will have maximum access to the non-criminal. Indeed, they perform the same functions as the ZOG 'Assault Guards' on the Red side during the Spanish Civil War — uniformed commie thugs.

The Tactical Police Force has, ever since the busing decree came into existence, escorted the busloads of cursing, screaming subhumans into White areas. It is they who scrutinize the Whites along the route for any signs of displeasure and who then swoop down on the 'offender' with homicidal zeal. It is the TPF which prevents any gathering of Whites within 300 feet of their own schools and who have the authority to arrest any White person walking in the vicinity of a school, even to his own home! South Boston has been openly occupied by the ZOG for almost a decade. This is something most White Americans forget or never knew about.

It was nothing out of the ordinary then, on August 17, that the buses of sullen Black 'picnickers' were escorted by massive numbers of TPF on their way to the beach. The White beach-goers noted that the Blacks came for a picnic, but they came without their women and children. The 'picnickers' were for the most part young Black bucks of military age.

In the interests of 'brotherhood', the TPF cordoned off the area occupied by the Black contingent and allowed no Whites to approach. There was no need to inform these ZOGlings that the Blacks were not welcome.

Soon, the Black beach-combers discovered that Carson was a beach with a difference. Not only did this beach have sand, it also had broken bottles which had been planted just an inch or two beneath the surface. Thus

did the Negro shock troops put their combat boots back on and found places to sit upon the sand, only after the exercise of extreme caution. Once they had occupied the beachhead, they did not go unchallenged, for now the Whites shouted "Nigger go home!" and other such encouragements.

Tensions rose between the White youths and Black invaders, at which point, the kosher members of Boston's anti-busing factions stepped in to do their thing for the ZOG. These White trash, unworthy of the name, Aryan, sought to sell the White youths on moving down the beach, away from the Black usurpers. To encourage the sellout, they approached the youths with the offer of free beer! It is satisfying to note that the Aryan genetic heritage is sufficiently dominant, even among our brainwashed youth, that the corrupt offer was refused by most of the young Whites. They wanted Black blood, not free beer!

The tension finally exploded in a general exchange of rocks and other missiles between the Blacks and Whites. It was particularly gratifying to see that the TPF ZOGlings, who stood in the middle, got their fair share of lumps from both sides. This is entirely as it should be, and gives us a fair indication of how the Jews will fare once they are attacked by Blacks and Whites equally. The mercenary minions of the ZOG are going to start asking themselves if prostitution for pay and pension is worth the hard knocks they are about to receive.

In a mistaken attempt to quell the riot, Dukakas, ZOG-mayor of Boston and a select group of henchmen waddled down the sandy strip of no-man's land between the Black and White forces. This action was like pouring gasoline on a fire and the Whites brought the ZOGpols under an immediate and heavy bombardment of rocks, bricks and bottles, causing these rascals to retreat to safety. It was a lesson to all that day that no one holds any respect for ZOGpols, whatever their titles, for these creatures do not represent the White Majority, nor do they command the respect of the lowest bandit chieftain. Their power is no longer seen as legitimate, even though they have taken office ostensibly via popular elections. Again, the handwriting is on the wall for the *shabbez goyim* of the Zionist Oppressors. How will they fare when the day of White Wrath arrives?

But, meanwhile, back on the beach, a contingent of White berserkers had taken advantage of the distraction caused by the mayor's hurried entrance and unceremonious exit to outflank the TPF formations. With baseball bats, these latter-day Vikings waded into the Black sea, using the wooly noggins in lieu of the more expensive regular brand of ball. The only disadvantage in this substitution was that the bats became somewhat damaged during play.

The TPF charged the Whites with fiendish zeal, but their savagery only served to disperse the Whites and spread the riot, for by now there were over a thousand White participants in the fray. Once again, Black cars were stopped on the streets and expressways and their occupants beaten.

In one such incident, it appeared that the 'generation gap' no longer existed among South Boston's Whites, for young and old alike are mobilized on the racial issue. Rocks smashed the windshield of a Black pimpmobile and the two disgruntled bucks emerged to

'get themselves some White meat'. They were surprised to see not one White, but a swarm of White youngsters, none older than twelve years of age. As the White 'horde' approached, the two 'super-flies' decided to flit. They fled into a nearby public-housing project, pursued by additional gangs of Whites who entered the buildings and broke down doors as they performed a room-to-room search for their dusky quarry. Again, the Tactical Police Force was called in to rescue the enemy aliens from summary justice.

The NAACP's 'Holiday at the Seaside' ended like so many of its 'brotherhood' boondoggles: Wrecked cars littered the roadsides, reminiscent of Stuka-strafed convoys of World War II. Although forced to beat a retreat during the riot, the NAACP claimed that victory was theirs, for they had 'opened' the beaches of South Boston to Blacks.

Let us examine this 'victory' more closely: If one today walks from the southern end of South Boston, beginning at Carson Beach and proceeding on up to Castle Island, no Blacks will be seen. Before busing came to Southie, these same beaches were so covered with Blacks from Roxbury that it looked as if an enormous oil-spill had washed ashore. Today, they are as white as the driven snow.

Certainly, August 17, 1975, was a victory, but not for the ZOG!

THING SWINGS TO PHASE II

Members of The Thing gathered in Reedy from July 8 through 14, during which time matters of policy were discussed. For those WPR readers unfamiliar with their Nordic roots, The Thing is a duly-constituted assembly which is convoked for the purpose of settling disputes and making law. Although some benighted creatures dread The Thing, we can assure our readers that no sinister intentions are involved.

Normally, such gatherings are not publicized, for a convocation of The Thing is no big thing in itself. It is rather the outcome of such a gathering which may be newsworthy, as is the case on this occasion.

The outcome of this most recent Thing-gathering was the general affirmation of White Power Activists, Members, Supporters and Collaborators that Phase Two is now operative. Phase Two shifts WPM emphasis from the attempted unification of existing White Nationalist groups to an all-out drive to expand the membership of the White Power Movement under its own leadership and by its own efforts. It means the adoption of an all White Power approach to organizing, the use of the best organizing methods by the best activists; the promotion of the White Power Message through salesmanship; the use of tried and proven propaganda and packaging techniques which have gained the Jews billions from our gullible fellow-Whites.

Phase II entails the WPM's disaffiliation with non-WPM persons and groups. White Power printing facilities are henceforth no longer available to those who can't 'swing with The Thing'.

NATIONAL SOCIALIST GOES 'LOCAL'

In a demonstration of strict adherence to his Strategy of Limited Objectives, Comrade Covington, State Commander of the NS Party of North

Carolina, has resigned as Assistant Editor of White Power Report, thus completing his break with politics on the national level. North Carolina, he believes, is where the NS action really is. For those of you who are surprised by this revelation, we can only say that you are not alone. We were just as surprised to learn this startling information as are most of our readers.

In a recent jewspaper interview in Raleigh, the state capital, ex-Assistant Editor Covington gave fair warning to the ZOG that he would play fair with them as long as they were 'White' with him. In passing, he announced the type of gainful employment he now enjoys.

The last time our courageous comrade garnered 'free' jewsmedia coverage, the IRS made a foul swoop on his bank account and ripped off almost $400 in 'back-taxes'. We can only hope that the charge for this latest piece of 'free advertising' is not so steep. Good luck, Comrade Covington!

ARGENTINA: PHARISEES PERVERT PROTESTANT PREACHING

In Buenos Aires, several Protestant churches have opened their doors to the Trojan Horse of Talmudism by hosting expositions on behalf of the bandit state of Israel in collaboration with the Israeli Embassy in the Argentine capital. A large quantity of propaganda material is being passed out to church members and visitors bearing such titles as *The Bible of the Americas, The Christian and the State of Israel, Jews for Jesus, Indestructible Israel,* etc.

The message of this propaganda is clear: Jews are promoted as being God's chosen people and the state of Israel is depicted as being the fulfilment of biblical prophecy. The message is slanted at those Protestant Christians who are so immersed in the Old Testament that they have forgotten the message of the New, the self-styled Christians who choose to ignore the teachings of Christ to the effect that the Jews are not the chosen of God, but the children of Satan.

Although these propaganda pamphlets are being passed out under Israeli authority, they supposedly emanate from two 'private' organizations: Jews for Jesus [Kikes for Christ?] and Friends of Zion. Me thinks there lurks some kosher rats in yon clerics' cloisters. It is time, once again, to drive the money-changers from the Temple.

GRAIVER CASE REVEALS KOSHER CONNECTION

Running true to form, capitalist kike David Graiver, allegedly killed in the convenient crash of his private airplane, wove a truly talmudic tapestry of intrigue in which connections were revealed as linking Israel, multi-national corporations and international Communist terrorism, all three of which are particularly plaguing Argentina and other Latin American countries.

Graiver's name received public attention in connection with recent Argentine Government investigations of massive investment swindles and illegal currency transactions. As one phony company after another came under the investigative spotlight, two names became synonymous with terrorism, fraud and international banditry: David Graiver and Tel Aviv.

Graiver's all too convenient 'death' not only robbed various governments of their star witness in a case which

could have far-reaching impact in that it reveals widespread incidents of corruption, swindles and gangsterism in international finance — a field entirely dominated by the Jews — but his sudden demise also resulted in the equally sudden collapse of two financial firms nearer home: The Bank of South America in Belgium and The Century National Bank of New York, bilking their Gentile investors and depositors of millions at a moment's notice. These banks, like the dozens of other Graiver enterprises, were controlled and directed from World Bandit HQ Tel Aviv.

It's the same old story: JEW CAPITALISTS AND JEW COMMUNISTS ARE BLOOD BROTHERS IN CRIME!

RHODESIA ELECTIONS: STRICTLY KOSHER

The Rhodesian Whites, splintered, confused and betrayed are withdrawing their blindly trusting support from the dominant Rhodesian Front Party of race-traitor Ian Smith, the *shabbez goy* puppet of Jew tycoon Harry Oppenheimer, de facto ruler of Southern Africa. Certainly this is a classic example of too little, too late and the half-hearted half-measures being undertaken at this late hour will surely reap the failure they deserve. It will give none of us satisfaction, however, to say that we told them so and they refused to listen.

The Rhodesian election campaigning goes on, however, as if the White contenders really had anything to campaign about. The Rhodesian 'National' Party, headed by a Jew; the Conservative Alliance and all the other raggle-taggle right-wing remnants are grouping together under the designation, Rhodesian Action Party. The party might more appropriately have been named the Conservative Rhodesian Action Party, for by any other name their manure is just as malodorous. In addition to the long-time non-starters of the ramshackle right-wing, the RAP is comprised of the 12 apostles of apathy who are dissident dropouts from the ruling Rhodesian Front Party. RAP intends to run 52 candidates in opposition to RF incumbents under the reactionary rallying cry: "Stop Smith!"

Thus it is that RAP does not mean new faces in Rhodesian politics, but merely a reshuffle of all the old, worn-out right-wing warhorses which have stood whinnying while time passed them by, not only time, but the Black population explosion. Two RF worthies who will not be joining RAP are Messrs Eli Broomberg, Rhodesian Minister of Justice, and Member of Parliament Ian Rees-Davies, a self-styled 'Nazi' with lots and lots of Jewish friends. Broomberg is doing his own kosher thing and Rees-Davies, like the other Ian (Smith) has suddenly sprouted his true left-wing plumage by participating in a multi-racial schmaltz forum to bring about 'inter-racial peace and brotherhood' in Rhodesia.

Non-Rhodesians tend to forget that Ian Smith reneged on virtually all of his U.D.I. promises which he made in 1965. As ZOGling Number One of Harry Oppenheimer's kosher puppet show, Smith has steadily alienated the right-wing support of the Rhodesian Front and now has begun to attract the lefties who want Rhodesia to go the way of Zambia and all the others. One such recent addition to RF ranks has been Mr Ivor Pitch whose real kosher name is Ivan Pitchanick. This tribesman of Judah resigned from the

RF years ago because it was "too racialistic", but now he is back on Traitor Smith's sellout squad.

Still active in politics, despite the forlorn hope, one RWPP comrade was nominated to stand for RAP candidate of Montrose, near Bulawayo, Rhodesia's second-largest city. Two RF dissidents who now head the local RAP, Messrs Ian Maclean and Fawcett Phillips, refused our comrade's nomination because of his past connection with "known National Socialists." The sort of candidate preferred by RAP is one Ted O'Connor who once studied the Protocols of Zion and agreed with every word, but who now says that RAP should avoid a strong right-wing image, otherwise the jewspapers might label them 'Nazis'. This is indeed fortunate, for no self-respecting National Socialist would wish to be associated in any way with such race-traitor guttersnipes!

It is notable that the newly-formed RAP can afford two plush offices in downtown Bulawayo, as compared to the RF's drab and dingy quarters. The finance for this false hope is said to come from membership subscriptions, but this is unlikely in view of the sums involved. What is more truthful is that the contributions come from the same 'faceless ones' whose money magnets pulled the Rhodesian Front off the rails and into the bundu (mapani forests). In other words, dear reader, we are talking about the Jews. Regardless of which alphabetical combination wins the forthcoming general election, the Jews will be the only victors.

Your White Power reporter will visit Rhodesia just before the election in hopes that he will have the opportunity of heckling Ian Smith or some other racial renegade ZOGpol. But the main point of which our friends in America should be aware is that THERE ARE NO PRO-WHITE CANDIDATES in this election. They were dispensed with a long time ago, and so the situation will remain until the darkness of Black rule descends upon Rhodesia.

The ranks of the Rhodesian Action Party and the Rhodesian Front are filled by Jew-fed, Jew-led race-traitors who are a disgrace to the many good Whites who remain in Rhodesia, but there is certainly truth to the adage that people get the government they deserve. Will the last White Man leaving Rhodesia please switch off the lights?

ZOG-GULAGS PREPARE A SURPRISE FOR WHITE AMERICA

Reports are frequent from various prisons across the country that the Zionist Occupation Government is whipping up a nasty surprise for White America in the form of tough, disciplined Black paramilitary formations imbued with a "get-Whitey" mentality and the will to kill. But how can this go on when such numbers of Blacks are involved? Surely, the prison authorities would find out about this. Yes, dear reader, the prison authorities know all about it. They are the ones who are sponsoring and directing these paramilitary training/political indoctrination programs — with your tax dollars!

The Blacks are encouraged to form their own Black Power organizations in American prisons. Some of these are ostensibly religious in orientation, if equating Whites with devils can be construed as a spiritual asset in a

multi-racial society.

One such Black Power group calls itself The Students of Al-Islam and has over 190 adherents in one ZOG prison camp alone. These militants preach anti-White hatred and anti-Americanism and they therefore are allowed to hold meetings several times a week.

Such groups are allowed, or more accurately, are ordered to march to their meetings in military formation, led by a flag-bearer who carries not the U.S. flag, but the banner of Black revolution: Red, green and black. They wear standard prison blue jeans, but unlike other prisoners, they are allowed to wear their own uniform accoutrements consisting of black or dark blue ties, combat boots and black caps. Some of these groups also wear armbands, all of which seems quite in order with the prison authorities.

Whites, of course, are harshly punished for even attempting to organize themselves against homosexual rape — the favorite pastime of these Black militants. Prison authorities do everything conceivable to divide Whites and subject them to Black oppression. Whites who do not bend with the ZOG promotion of perversion and subjugation are broken or killed. Black leadership is cultivated. White leadership is systematically rooted out and destroyed.

These Black militants are being programmed for their roles as shock-troops and occupation forces when the ZOG's velvet glove is finally discarded, revealing the iron fist of a Soviet America. These Black Power groups are growing stronger every day. Does White America know about this huge and hateful army which the ZOG is breeding and training at White tax-payers' expense? Do White people know what is going on behind the concrete walls and barbed wire of America's Gulag, the U.S. Prison System?

Let's hope they find out while there's still time to do something about it!

What the WHITE POWER MOVEMENT stands for:

Because we represent those members of the White Race who live on the American Continent, we enclose our ancient racial emblem, the Holy Swastika, in a five-pointed star which represents our country and because we are Americans, we proclaim our patriotism with the colors red, white and blue.

The Swastika proclaims to all that we are Bio-patriots, not Geo-patriots, because we fight for our people and not for a piece of real estate. We do not defend our land, but the right of our people to live on it. Without the White Race, we have no future and the land no value. The Swastika is not a German symbol. It has been the White Man's Symbol from the dawn of time, proudly displayed by the Vikings, the Aryan conquerors of India, Alexander the Great and American presidential candidates. The White Man's Sign belongs no more to the 'Nazis' of Hollywood than does the Cross of the Christian belong to the telephone companies.

The Swastika is our talisman against cowards, weaklings and do-nothings. It is also proof against our racial enemies, whatever their guise. Indeed, it is our secret weapon.

WE OF THE WHITE POWER MOVEMENT DO SOLEMNLY PLEDGE:

(1) To provide the White Majority with a party which represents their interests and not the hidden hand of Zion of which the Democrats and Republicans are merely two fingers.

(2) To unmask the evil face of welfare state socialism and to cast this pestilence from our midst so that we may live in a healthy society.

(3) To unify the White tribes of America, Europe and the world.

(4) To halt our racial retreat from Victory.

(5) To remove the alien exploiters and parasites from our midst.

(6) To break the irresponsible tyranny of organized crime, bloated bureaucracy, big business, big labor and secret societies.

(7) To regain national control of our money from the Zionist bankers of the Federal Reserve.

(8) To re-establish White Law and White Order in a White Society and thereby, to return Our Nation to the path of progress.

(9) To rid our society of crime and degeneracy.

(10) To create a White Society in which our racial virtues of honesty, integrity and responsibility shall be promoted instead of punished.

(11) To protect the family, which is the basis of our society and of Our Race.

(12) To ensure that honest labor and not sterile speculation is rewarded.

(13) To separate the Races into self-governing Nationstates

(14) To provide healthy and productive activities of which our youth can be proud.

(15) To remove alien control from White Culture, which is the source of our spiritual nourishment and from the professions on which we depend in our hour of need.

WITH WHITE POWER
WE SHALL CREATE A GREAT FUTURE.
WITHOUT WHITE POWER
THERE IS NO FUTURE.

JOIN US AND MAKE THE FUTURE GREAT!

It's up to YOU, WHITE AMERICANS

TO TAKE YOUR COUNTRY BACK!

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